



MARTIN BOX

VOLUME SIX

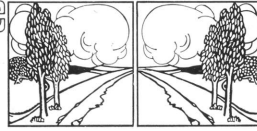
1916 Yearbook Presented To

Martin College On 7/25/82 By

Mrs. Elise Newton Tarpley

BENSON
PRINTING
COMPANY

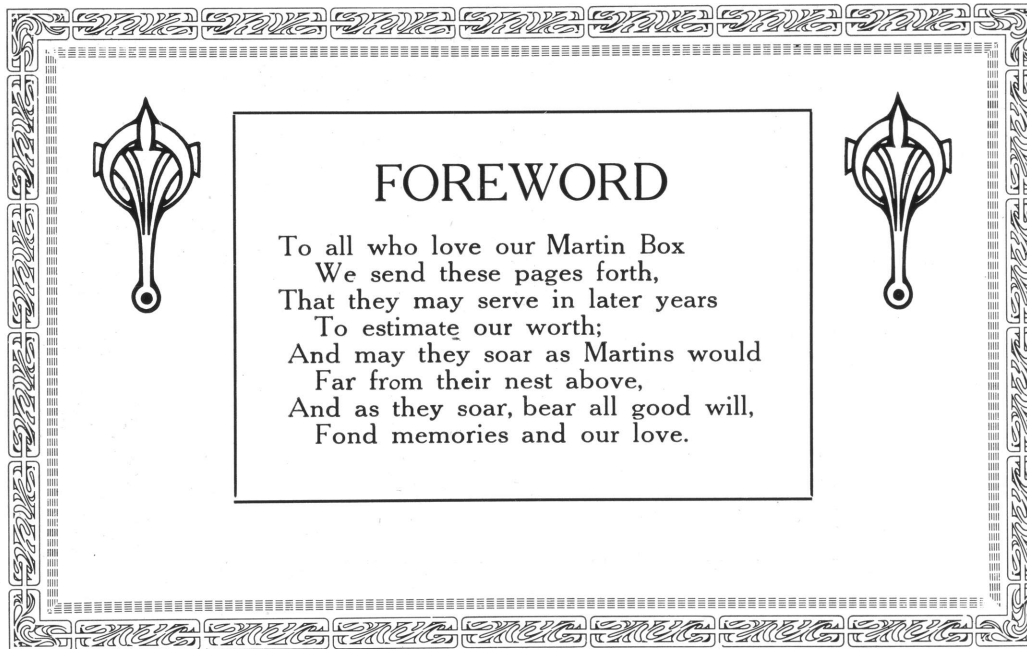
NASHVILLE



The MARTIN BOX

VOLUME SIX

PUBLISHED BY THE
PHI KAPPA, PHILOSOPHIAN AND AELIOIAN
LITERARY SOCIETIES OF MARTIN COLLEGE
PULASKI, TENNESSEE



FOREWORD

To all who love our Martin Box
We send these pages forth,
That they may serve in later years
To estimate our worth;
And may they soar as Martins would
Far from their nest above,
And as they soar, bear all good will,
Fond memories and our love.





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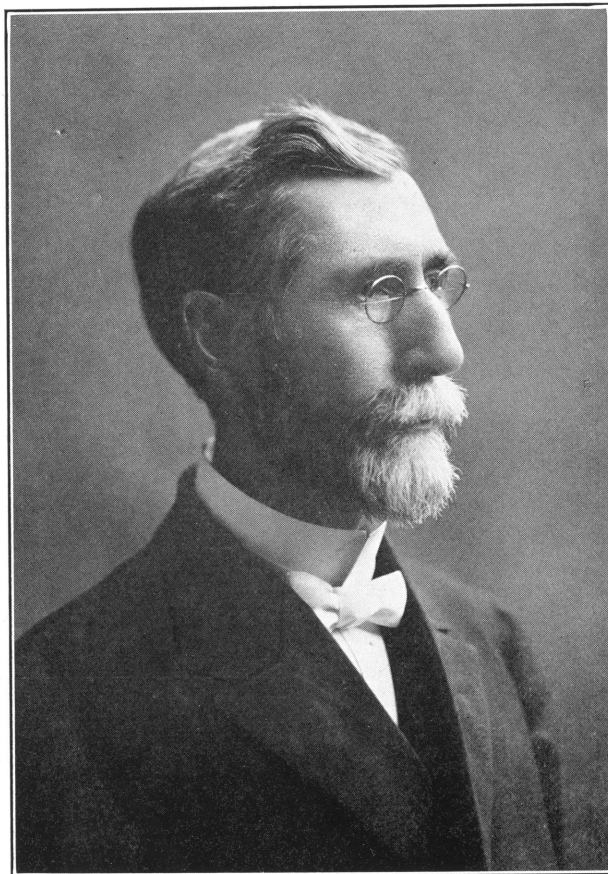
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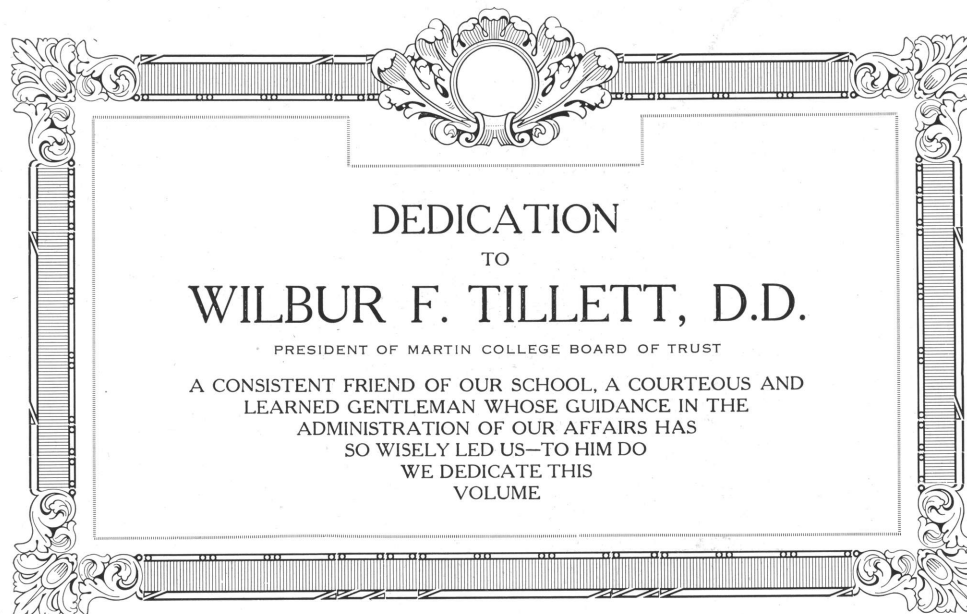
BOOK III—Organizations

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The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



DR. WILBUR F. TILLETT



The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



MARTIN BOX STAFF

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W. T. WYNN	<i>Honorary Staff Officer</i>

Girls of Other Days

FOREWORD



As the *Martin Box* has been graciously opened, and room made for the "Old Birds" to come in, we accept the courtesy with pleasure and appreciate the opportunity given us to voice our allegiance to our Alma Mater. At no time in her history have we been more loyal, or in keener sympathy with her aspirations, than we are to-day.

As a proof of the loyalty of the "Girls of Other Days," the Alumnae Association was organized in 1891. Our efforts have been to keep alive the college spirit, to manifest interest in the "Girls of the Future," to extend the influence of Martin College beyond her own doors, and to do what we might to promote, improve, and sustain her welfare.

Our particular work at present is to raise a library for the school—the old one having been burned. Our work is growing, if not as rapidly as we wish, and helping hands have been extended from loyal Alumnae as far away as Texas and California.

A "Memorial Room," to be the home of the Alumnae, and in which we hope to place this library, is another goal towards which we are looking with expectant eyes. Each Alumna is invited to have a hand in making this Room, and this Library, to be presented to our Alma Mater, in loving appreciation of her fostering care, and as a testimonial of our interest in her future usefulness.

OFFICERS OF THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, 1915-1916

MRS. MILDRED EZELL REYNOLDS, '74	<i>President</i>
MRS. HAZEL MORRIS SLEDGE, '98	<i>First Vice-President</i>
MRS. LILLIE MCGREW WALLACE, '80	<i>Second Vice-President</i>
MISS MARY ELIZA MONTGOMERY, '11	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
MISS LILLIE REID GRIGSBY, '12	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
MISS JANIE PORTER, '12	<i>Treasurer</i>

1874—Flash Lights—1916



THE first year of Martin College foreshadowed the work of usefulness that was to follow and the graduates of 1874, though only four in number, were girls of character and intellect who carried with them an atmosphere and impress in whatever field it was their lot to enter. And so it has been from year to year, as Martin College has increased her capacity and potent influence and sent out girls who are doing things worth while for this and other communities. However, we can give here only a glimpse of some of these girls.

A member of the first graduating class, 1874, MRS. MILDRED EZELL REYNOLDS, has always been prominent in the Club life, and has several times been the efficient President of the Alumnae of Martin College, which office she so capably fills at present. At all times she has the deepest interest in the Association and has made an earnest endeavor to make it an uplifting adjunct of the school and community.

* * *

MISS KATIE HARLAN, '75, has been closely identified with the foreign missionary work of the M. E. Church, South, having at one time worked in the foreign field. After her return home, she held a responsible position in the M. E. Publishing House.

* * *

MISS ROSABEL DICKERSON, '76, in addition to her intellectual attainments, is prominent as a woman of wonderful business capacity and foresight. She lives on a large plantation near Lynnvillle, Tennessee.

MRS. BOOKER MASON ROSE, '76, is connected in an official capacity with Ward-Belmont College, Nashville.

* * *

The Public School of Pulaski has had many teachers from the Alumnae of Martin College. Among those who have perhaps held positions there longer than any others are: MISS FANNIE ALLISON, '77, MISS LUCY BUFORD, '77, MISS MATTIE ALLISON, '84, and MRS. MYRTLE EZELL CARTER, '83.

* * *

MISS MARY LOU WHITE, '84, has attained a position of prominence in Nashville, Tennessee, in various organizations and literary circles.

* * *

MISS CALLIE DUNCAN, '86, a woman of brilliant attainments, has been very successful as a teacher of Expression, and has held positions in some of the best colleges of the South. She recently held a position in Agnes Scott College, Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

MRS. LIZZIE WILKES ROMINE, '86, has achieved much success as a platform lecturer, and is prominently connected with many organizations.

* * *

MISS ETHEL DISMUKES, '88, has accomplished much in her chosen profession, Art, at Biloxi, Mississippi. She has created an artistic atmosphere there, building up her class from the foundation to a large, lucrative one.

* * *

MRS. ROSE FLAUTT WOODWARD, '88, is prominent in all movements for the uplift of the community. Recently in a movement to put a woman on the Board of Education, she was prominently spoken of and most favored by the people at large.

The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

MISS ANNIE BRANNAN, '90, is the head of all musical affairs at Morrillton, Arkansas. As a music teacher she is very successful and popular.

* * *

MISS ETHEL MOORE, '92, one of the most intellectual of Martin College Alumnae, has charge of a school for girls at Albany, New York, and is meeting with much success.

* * *

MISS MARY PATTERSON, '92, is perhaps more in the limelight than any other Alumna. She is a gifted member of the Ben Greet Players, and behind the footlights is gaining fame and a name for herself.

* * *

MISS CORA R. JONES, '97, of Birmingham, Alabama, has been quite successful in an entirely different line of work from any heretofore mentioned. She gives literary assistance, often writing entire papers for persons belonging to literary clubs, and does journalistic work to some extent.

* * *

MISS TOMMIE ABERNATHY, '90, after graduating at Martin, took a degree at Peabody College, Nashville,; Columbia College, New York, and at Leipzig, Germany. She has filled splendid positions in several colleges in the South and is now in Florida.

* * *

Another woman who is at the helm in movements beneficial to the community and womankind is MRS. MARY PHILLIPS CHILDERS, '94. She is the President and moving spirit of the Suffrage League, Pulaski.

MISS SHIRLEY SKILLERN, '90, is teaching Expression at Fayetteville, where she is succeeding. Miss Skillern's ability shows up especially well in the plays she produces with amateurs. She is not only gifted herself, but her art is in getting others to produce something worth while.

* * *

A number of Martin College girls have been successful teachers in the Birmingham schools, among them MISSES MARGERY EZELL, '02, ROBERTA McLAURINE, '10, MRS. LOCHIE HUDSON HEIDE, '03, MRS. MALLIE BROWN WHITE, and MISS MARTHA EZELL.

* * *

MISS RUTH HUNTER, '11, teaches Piano and Voice in All Saints College, Vicksburg, Mississippi, and MISS LUCILE HUNTER, '13, teaches Expression in the same school.

* * *

MISS LUCILE JONES, '11, has for several years held a position in the Public Schools of Chase City, Virginia.

1870—JUBILEE—1920

And here's to every "Martin,"

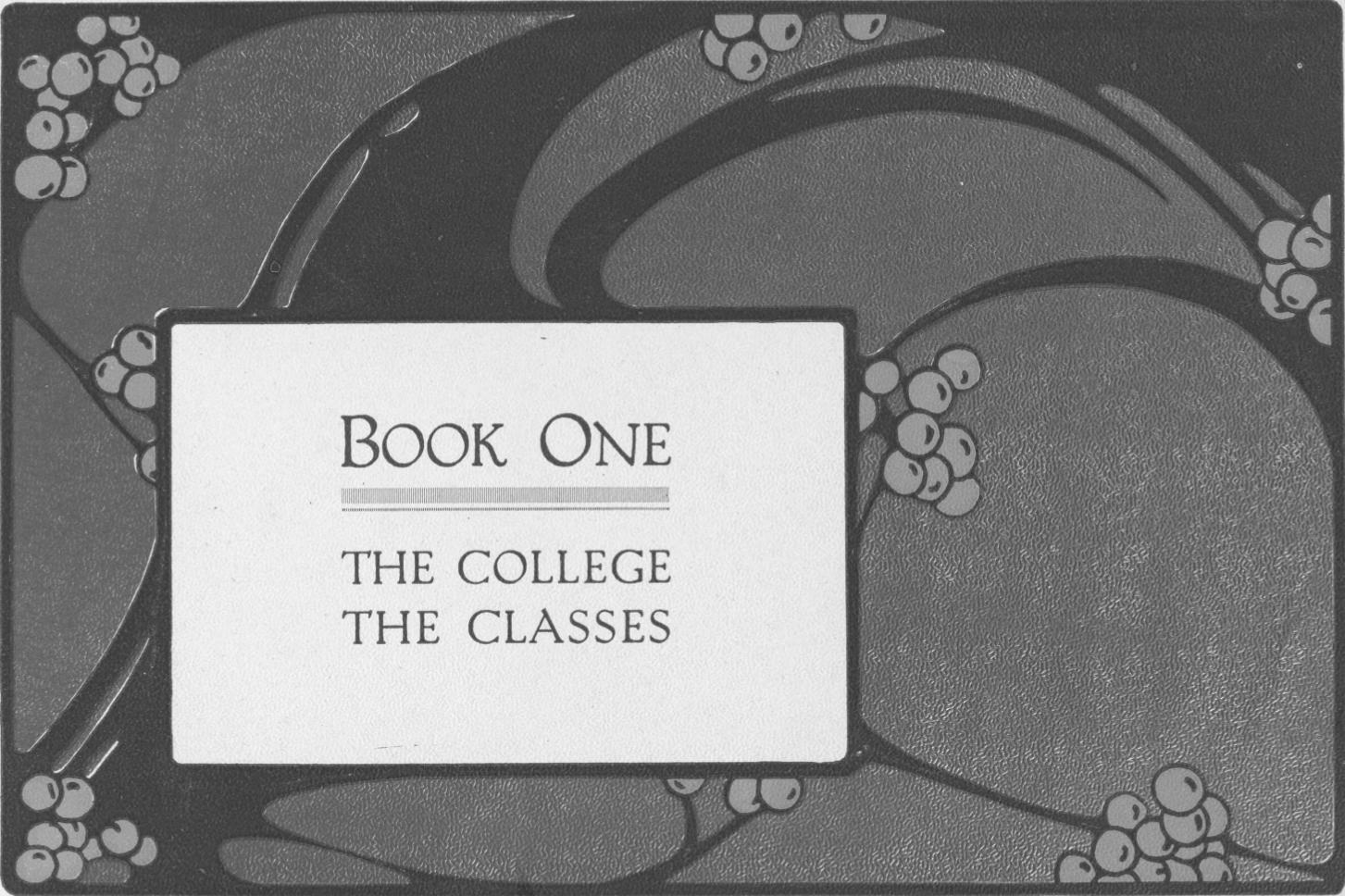
Where'er you chance to be,

Remember 1920—

At Pulaski, Tennessee.


'Twill be the celebration

Of OUR College Jubilee.

The background of the page is a dark, textured rectangular area. It features stylized, light-colored leaves and clusters of small, round berries or grapes. The leaves are curved and layered, creating a sense of depth. The berries are grouped in small clusters, some at the top corners and others along the sides. A white rectangular box is centered in the middle of the page, containing the title text.

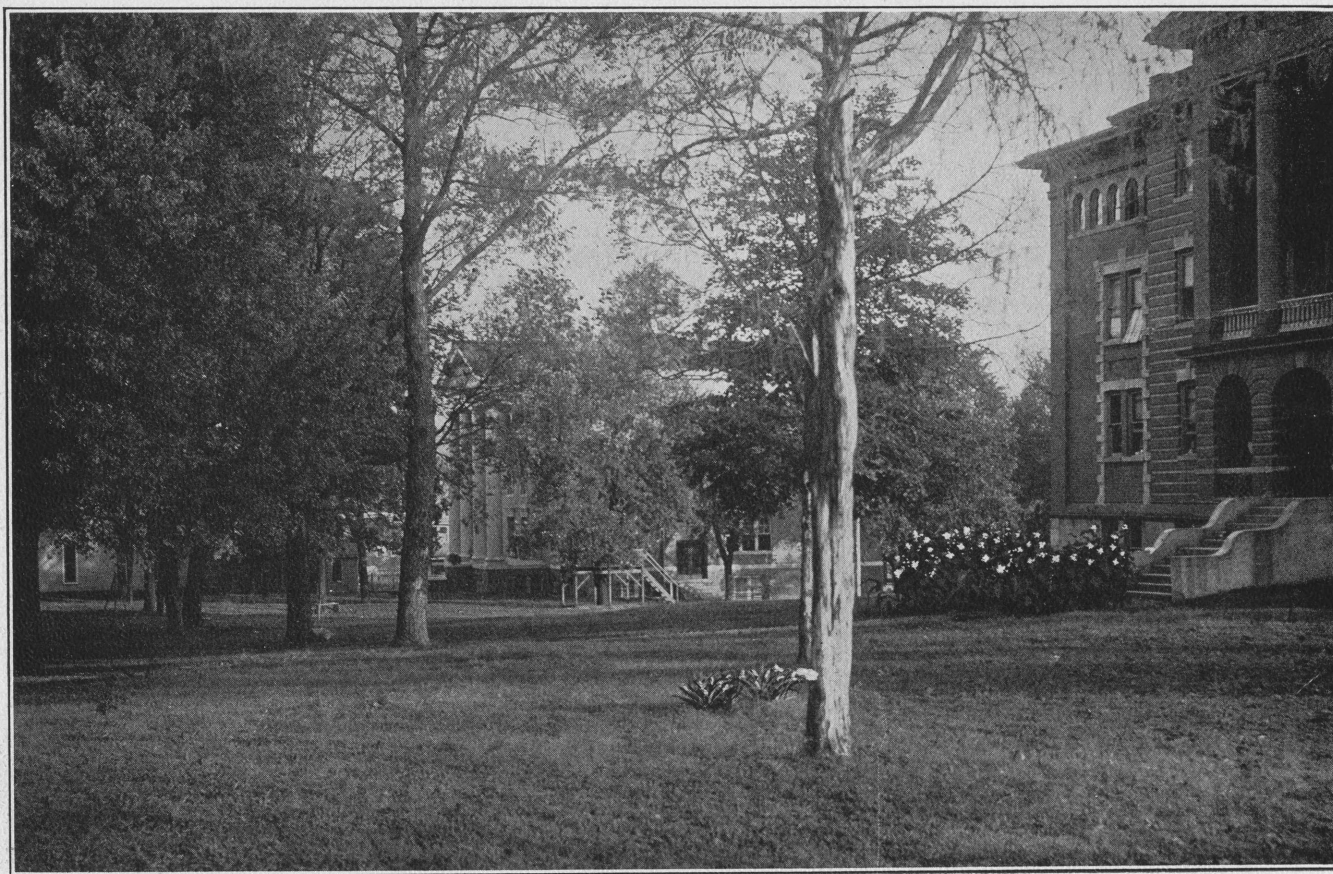
BOOK ONE

THE COLLEGE
THE CLASSES

A large, ornate, black and white decorative initial letter 'C' on the left side of the page. The 'C' is filled with a pattern of small dots and has elaborate, swirling flourishes extending downwards from its base.

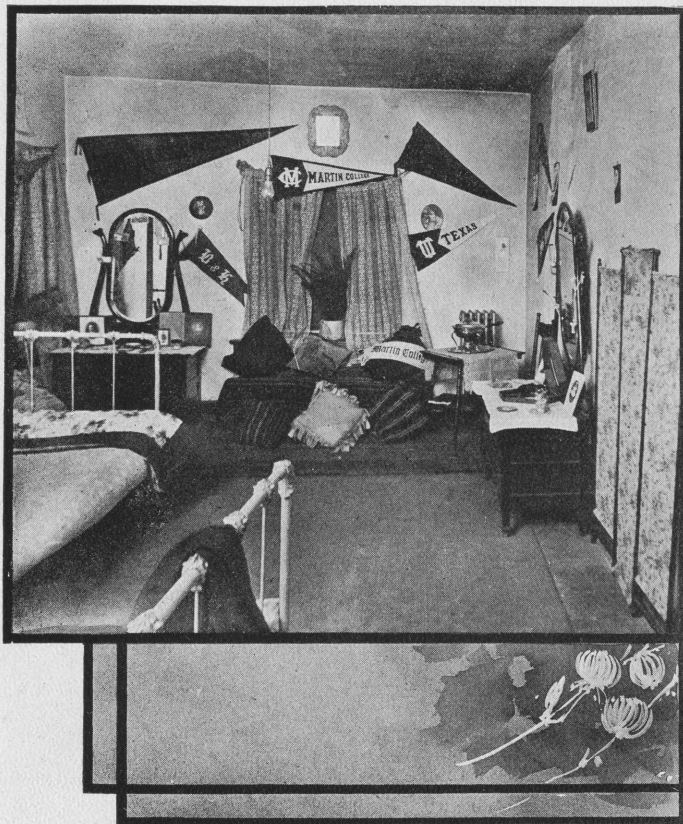
CAMPUS VIEWS

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



CAMPUS SCENE

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GIRL'S BEDROOM



CORNER OF PARLOR

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TENNESSEE HALL

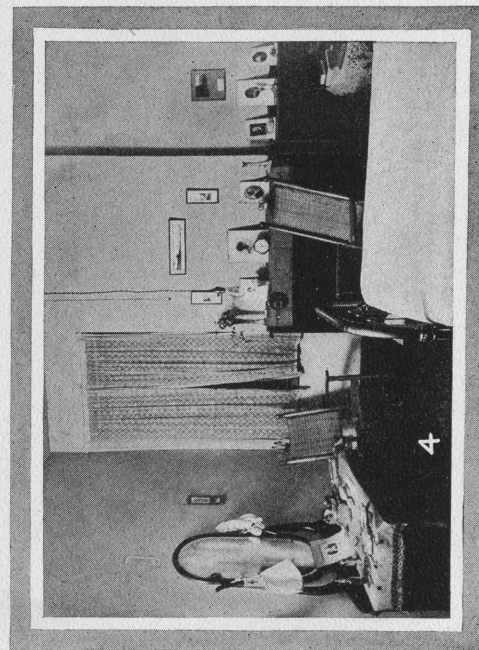
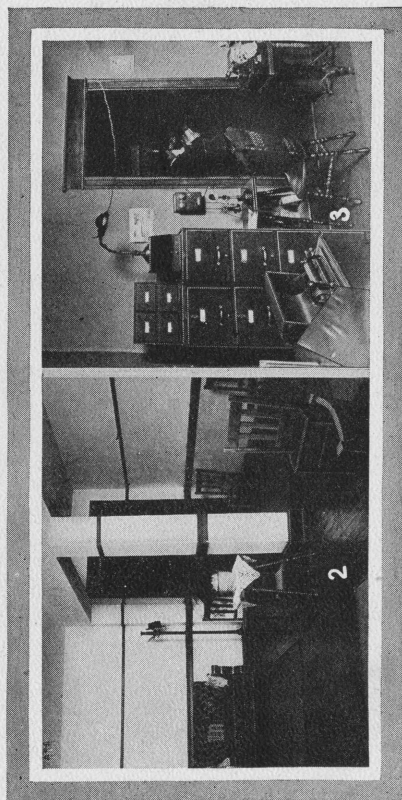
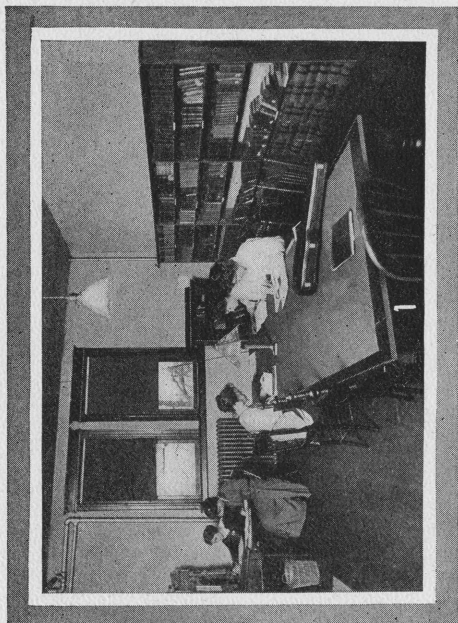
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MARTIN HALL

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Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



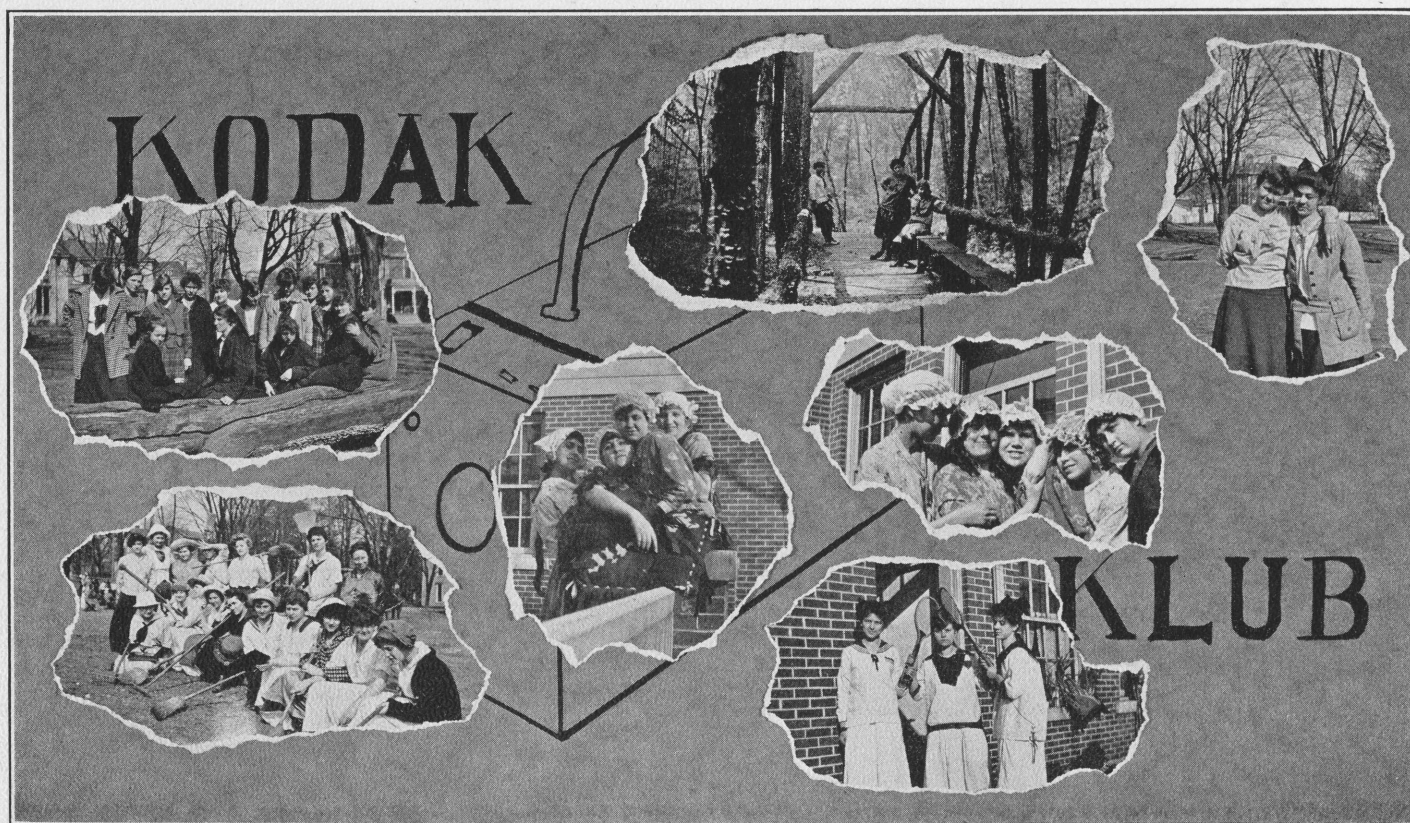
- 1. SECTION OF LIBRARY
- 2. CORNER OF HALL
- 3. OFFICE
- 4. BED ROOM

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CORNER OF CAMPUS

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Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Board of Trustees

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F. M. MASSEY	<i>Secretary</i>
J. H. RAGSDALE	<i>Treasurer</i>

Terms of service expire at dates indicated

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J. R. STEWART	Nashville, Tenn.
W. J. RUSSELL	Williamsport, Tenn.
A. L. KING	Pulaski, Tenn.
WILLIAM HUGHES	Spring Hill, Tenn.

1917

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T. A. KERLEY	Nashville, Tenn.
T. C. RAGSDALE	Nashville, Tenn.
W. J. YANCEY	Pulaski, Tenn.
F. M. MASSEY	Pulaski, Tenn.

1918

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W. F. TILLET	Nashville, Tenn.
A. B. RANSOM	Nashville, Tenn.
J. H. RAGSDALE	Pulaski, Tenn.
R. G. PEOPLES	Franklin, Tenn.

OCTOBER, 1919

W. B. TAYLOR	Nashville, Tenn.
J. J. STOWE	Pulaski, Tenn.
E. B. CHAPPELL	Nashville, Tenn.
A. A. PATTERSON	Henryville, Tenn.
E. J. CHILDERS	Pulaski, Tenn.

In Memory of Thomas E. Daly

Treasurer of the Martin College Board of Trust

Thomas E. Daly was born near Elkton, Tennessee, in the old Daly Homestead, on March 16, 1859, and was educated in the public schools. He married Miss Georgie Bull. He was a merchant, banker, and mayor of Pulaski, as often as he would accept the office. Such, in brief, is the record of this noble man and churchman who spent his life in Giles County.

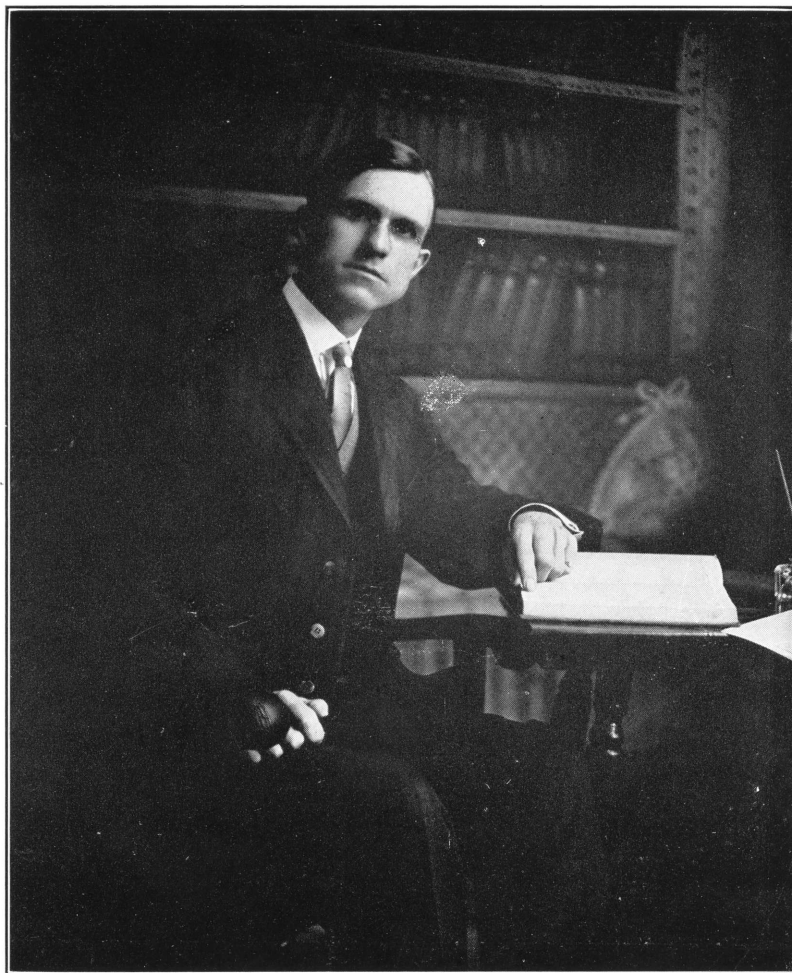
Mr. Daly was a true man, a lover of justice, a believer in the supremacy of the law, a friend of every worthy cause that lacked assistance. He stood for the principles of right, for fair play. He was broad and liberal in his views, had charity for all and never lost faith in humanity. It can truthfully be said that Mr. Daly gave his life to the people of Pulaski and Giles County, Tennessee, as truly as ever did any soldier on the field of battle. He had a warm spot in his heart for the rising generation and among his greatest delights was to help the youth of his native county. Mr. Daly "left the door a little wider open for the common boy and girl."

His devotion to Martin College was very noticeable. He often spoke to his friends about the beauty of the girls as they walked by his home. His beautiful life shall bear fruit for many years to come. His career on earth is finished; he has run his race; he has kept the faith, he has fought a good fight and he is reaping his reward in the great beyond.

F. M. MASSEY,

Secretary of the Martin College Board of Trust.

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WILLIAM THOMAS WYNN,
PRESIDENT OF MARTIN COLLEGE



Faculty of Instruction 1915-1916

MARY LOAGN BAGBY, B.A. *Latin and French*
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Student University of Chicago

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Randolph-Macon Woman's College; Summer School of the
South, University of Tennessee (B.A.)

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Emory College (B.A.); University of Chicago; Graduate
Student Columbia University

THERESA SHERRER, A.M. *Mathematics*
Western Reserve University; Oberlin College, (A.B., A.M.)

ALLEEN EUGENIA POER, B.A. *History and Economics*
Wesleyan College (B.A.); Graduate Student
Columbia University

CORNELIA CLARK CANNON . . . *Commercial Branches and Pedagogy*
St. Louis Central High; Moothart's Business College,
University of Chicago

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Oratory (Full Graduate)

LUCILLE TURNER *Assistant in English and Latin*
Martin College (Post Graduate, two years); George
Peabody College for Teachers

KATHLEEN KENNEDY, B.A. . . . *Assistant in Latin and Mathematics*
Agnes Scott College (B.A.)

MRS. W. T. WYNN *Principal Home Department*

MISS SALLIE SHAPARD *Principal Primary Department*
Byhalia Female Institute

LUCILLE HERIGES *Assistant Primary Department*
Martin College (Graduate)

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Director of Music
Conservatory of Munich; Lehrer Seminar in Speier

ANGIE TURNER HARWELL, M.E.L. *Piano, Theory of Music*
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American Institute of Applied Music, New York

PEARL GENEVIEVE COVILLE *Voice*
Genesee Wesleyan Seminary (Graduate Voice and Piano);
Syracuse University (Special work, two years)

ADRIENNE SAVEE *Stringed Instruments*
Fredericksburg College (Graduate in Piano and Violin);
Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore

LELL GROTE *Domestic Science and Domestic Art*
Southern University; University of Alabama; Alabama Girls'
Technical Institute; Columbia University

ALIDA TOWNES *Art*
School of Art and Applied Design (Nashville); Special pupil
of Amelia Sprague (New York); and Caroline
Schaffer (Cincinnati)

OPIE POPE BRENT *Hostess (Martin Hall), Nurse*

BARBARA HOOD FERGUSON . . . *Seamstress, Hostess (Tennessee Hall)*

Greetings From 1898

The years have been long since we left thee,
Left with diplomas in hand;
Yet many's the time we have blessed thee,
Martin, as we've roamed o'er the land.

Where are the girls that we knew then?
Have they ever come back to you?
Wherever they are, I know they send
A heart-throb, sincere, to you.

A wireless message of love, Martin,
For the years have deepened their thought,
And they know the lessons they learned then
Have helped in the battles they've fought.

How glorious, Martin, it would be to see
Gathered around thee once more
Every graduate here to greet thee,
Back as far as seventy-four.

It would be a grand reunion.
How happy we would be!
And the Alumnae Association
Would ever be blessing thee.

Let's plan for a happy reunion,
A home-coming time, when
Your girls throughout the nation
Will gather here again.

Come, let us reason together;
This is just the thing to do.
Let's go back to our Martin
And pledge our faith anew.

We would feel 'twas good to be there,
Martin, and how our love'd grow;
But we would want to see each member,
Even back to seventy-four.

Then to this Class of Sixteen,
Remember where'er you go,
Let thy love for Martin deepen
And join the Alumnae, so

When you're far away from the fold,
And others have taken your place,
You may have your greetings told
By some of our Martin's race.

HAZEL MORRIS SLEDGE, '98.
Pulaski, Tenn., January 30, 1916.

To the Student Body of 1915-1916

To the Student Body of 1915-16:

As the President of the Class of 1910, I send greetings and best wishes; that you may always have good books, good friends, and good fortune.

RUTH WORLEY RICHARDSON, '10.

Rogersville, Tenn.

To the Student Body of 1915-16:

As the President of the Class of 1911, I wish to tell you that we of the years past feel pride in our Alma Mater, and have every hope and not a single fear that you will carry out in the fullest measure our every ambition for greater Martin College.

MARY ELIZA MONTGOMERY, '11.

Pulaski, Tenn.

Greetings, Martin College

May thy temple long stand, long enlightened
and led by thy wonderful hand.

May each sweet girl thy judgment revere, and
the boys of Massey regard thee with fear.
May you have ambitions, realized, as high
as a star—

But be prudent; let your head, like a pin's,
prevent going too far.

I would I were with thee! (a part of the
time, I'd rather, than trying to write you
in rhyme.)

But—it is fate to know, to esteem, to part,
makes up life's tale to many a heart.

I greet thee, Class of Sixteen, with words
"Be of Good Cheer;"

I hold you in high esteem—you each to me
are very dear.

Sincerely,

LOUISE HARVILL,

President of the Senior Class, '15.

To the Student Body, Martin College,
Pulaski, Tenn., January 26, 1915.

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Collegiate Department



Senior Class

Colors: Black and Gold

Flower: Black-eyed Susan

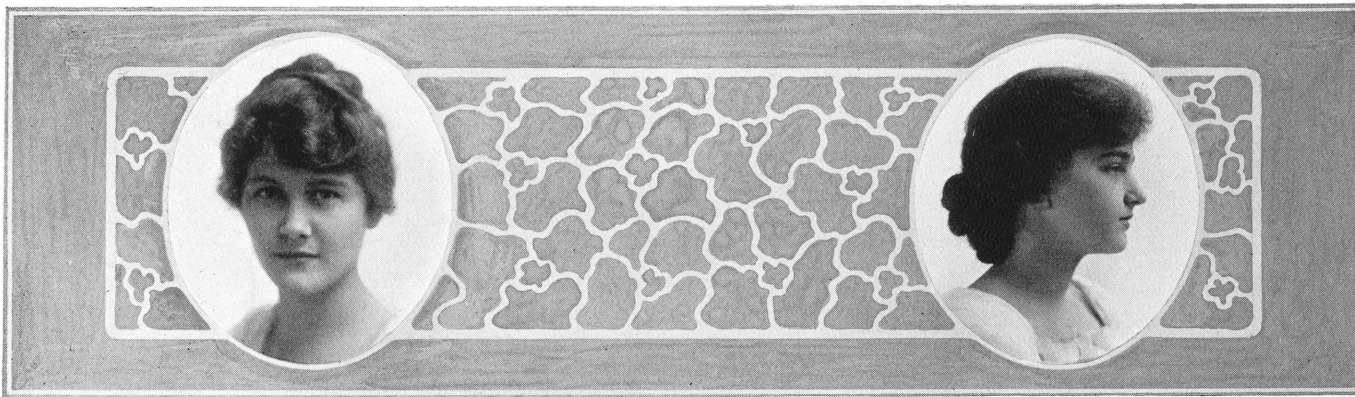
Motto: Ne donum in te neglegas

OFFICERS

ANNIE RUTH LEE	President
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY	Vice-President
TOM SUTTON	Secretary and Treasurer
LYNETTE JONES	Poet
ANNE ABERNATHY	Historian
EDWINA GAINES	Prophet
MRS. CORNELIA CLARK CANNON	Sponsor

The Martin Box

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ANNIE RUTH LEE

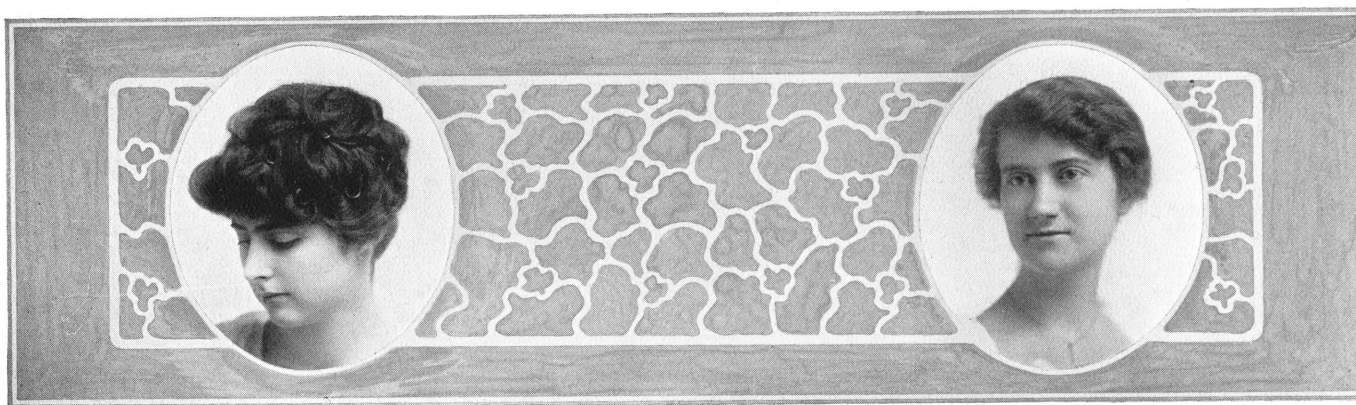
Annie Ruth is anything but dignified, for her constant prattle makes that adjective impossible; but she is brilliant, and her excellent memory permits her to enjoy life while others are studying. Her curiosity and inclination to gossip distinguish her from other girls.

EDWINA GAINES

From the "Heart of the Cumberland" hails Edwina. "Not too serious, not too gay, but altogether a pretty good girl." She has been our comrade for two years, and for those two years—well she was here. At first we thought that she was the most timid girl in our class, especially after hearing her "Wait a minute," and "Let me see," but as time went by, we realized that timidity was no characteristic of hers.

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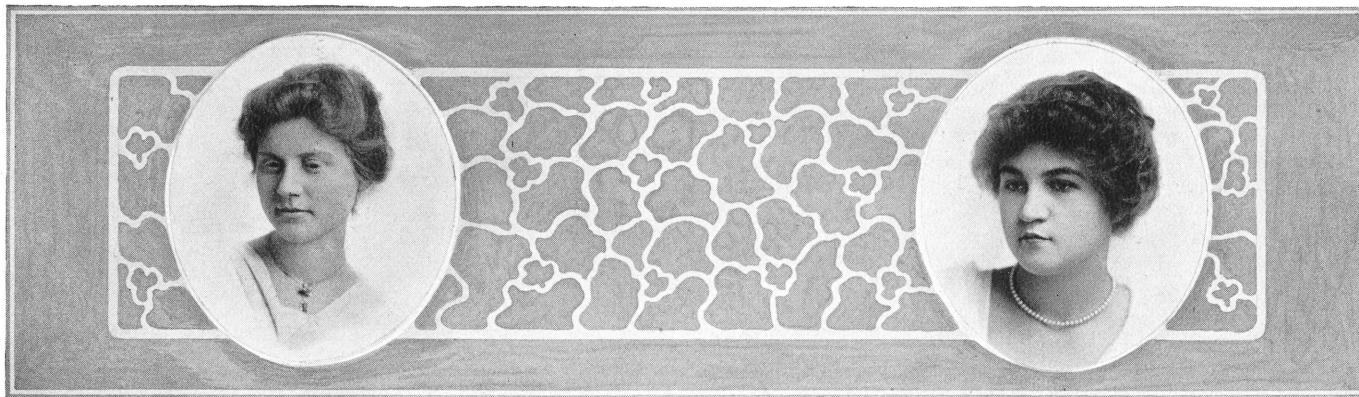
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY

Bessie Lee is a typical Senior, for she is both serious and dignified. But no one anticipates the coming receptions with more pleasure than she. Her childhood dream was to come to Martin, and as her dream of the past has come true, so may her "modern" dreams become happy realities.

TOM SUTTON

Tom, the song-bird of our class, flew to us from Mt. Pleasant. She is one of the most earnest and business-like girls of the school. Her quick temper, easily appeased, lends the needed spice to an otherwise sweet disposition.

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LYNETTE JONES

Lynette believes in an all-round education. She was not content with one diploma from Martin, but labored through another year for a second one. But we do not think that she will obtain a third diploma here, for her heart is on taking a higher course at the University of Chicago.

ANNE ABERNATHY

Anne, not only is she substantial in name, but hers is a personality on which one can rely. She was born in Pulaski, that college town and seat of learning. For five years she has adorned our class, and oh! how can Martin's fame exist without her to be the first on the roll. Although she has always lived in this metropolis, she never tires of "going to town," especially on Tuesdays and Fridays.

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To My Seniors

If the greatest good in all the world
I might wish this day for you,
I'd wish for you a host of friends
Who'd be loyal, kind and true,
I'd wish you health, with a share of wealth—
An abundance of happiness, too.

CORNELIA CLARK CANNON, *Senior Class Sponsor*

Senior Class Prophecy

UST now in looking over my mail I found a note which turned the train of my thought back some twenty years. It was a tiny lavender note scented with violets, written in a feminine hand. It was reminding me that twenty years ago on the twenty-fourth of May, six girls left dear old Martin, each clasping in her hand the merited diploma, and each with a tear of sadness in her eye at the thought of parting; and in my mind I have followed each girl through life.

Today Anne does not worry over drawings in Botany, for she is one of the greatest readers of the day. Thousands of people are moved by her expressive voice and sympathetic rendering of the world's best literature.

Tom has ceased to spell her name T-O-M, for now she is the famous prima donna, Taume Soutonne. Just the other evening while in New York, I listened, entranced, to her sweet, full voice. As I was leaving the theater whom should I meet but Lynette, now the wife of a well-known lawyer of Birmingham. We dined together and talked over the old days at Martin. She told me that Bessie Lee, the member of our class who wore the solitaire and was so peculiarly adverse to queries concerning it, had married a famous pianist and toured the world with him, but after his death had at last given her hand to the proprietor of a large wholesale grocery of Pulaski.

Annie Ruth was not content with two diplomas from Martin, but received several degrees from prominent colleges, and now she is a lawyer, living in Chicago. I hear that she is very successful, especially in pleading domestic cases with her husband, a dignified undertaker.

Mrs. Cannon, our beloved Sponsor, is now President of the greatest woman's college of the South, where she reigns queen of the hearts of girls, just as she did in Martin.

When I think of all of my classmates and of what they have accomplished in this world of big things, I feel proud of the fact that I can call them classmates, but I wonder, as I pen these wandering thoughts, if, when reading my books, they ever think of the one who wrote them, in her simple home.

EDWINA GAINES.

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Senior Class Poem

Oh, Martin, with your president and faculty so rare,
It is with great sorrow and grief we leave your tender care,
 You, who have been so very good and kind to all of us,
 And have patiently endured all our worries and fuss;
Have affectionately healed all our troubles and cares,
And gladly taken an interest in all of our affairs.

We have loved you very devotedly, Oh, Martin, dear,
During the six short and happy years that we have been here,
 Altho' our lessons were difficult, we tried to be good,
 And learn Math, and Botany the best that we could:
We also had Latin, French, English and History galore,
But for all these, Oh, Martin, we love you very much more.

Kind sponsor and faculty, our gratitude is yours,
For all your care and sympathy, which changelessly endures.
 Dear President, we shall never forget the lessons you've taught:
 We trust the future may perfect the work your hands have wrought:
And may they bring good gifts to you, these years that swiftly fly,
And may you kindly think of those who now bid you "Good-bye."

Now, as we're departing, casting many a look behind,
We're thinking that no friends so dear as these we'll ever find,
 Friends so affectionate and true whom we'll always cherish,
 We'll never forget them nor will memories of them perish,
And we hope that however far from Martin we pass,
That you will ever remember the 1916 class.

Lynette Jones, '16.



Junior Class

Flower: Chrysanthemum

Colors: Yellow and Green

Motto: Nihil sed optimum

OFFICERS

KATHLEEN TOMKINS	<i>President</i>	MARY GARNER	<i>Historian</i>
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	<i>Vice-President</i>	MYRTLE McCracken	<i>Prophet</i>
NELLE HOLT	<i>Secretary</i>	REBECCA BYRD	<i>Poet</i>
BESSIE CHENAULT	<i>Treasurer</i>	MRS. HARWELL	<i>Sponsor</i>

MEMBERS

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY
 KATHRYN BRAZLETON
 LURA BRIDGES
 REBECCA BYRD

BESSIE CHENAULT
 MARY GARNER
 NELLE HOLT
 MYRTLE McCracken
 ELIZABETH RAWLS

KATHLEEN TOMKINS
 NELLE TURNER
 MARIE FORMWALT
 MARGARET GILLIAM

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



FOURTH YEAR CLASS

Fourth Year Class

Colors: Garnet and Gold

Flower: Chrysanthemum

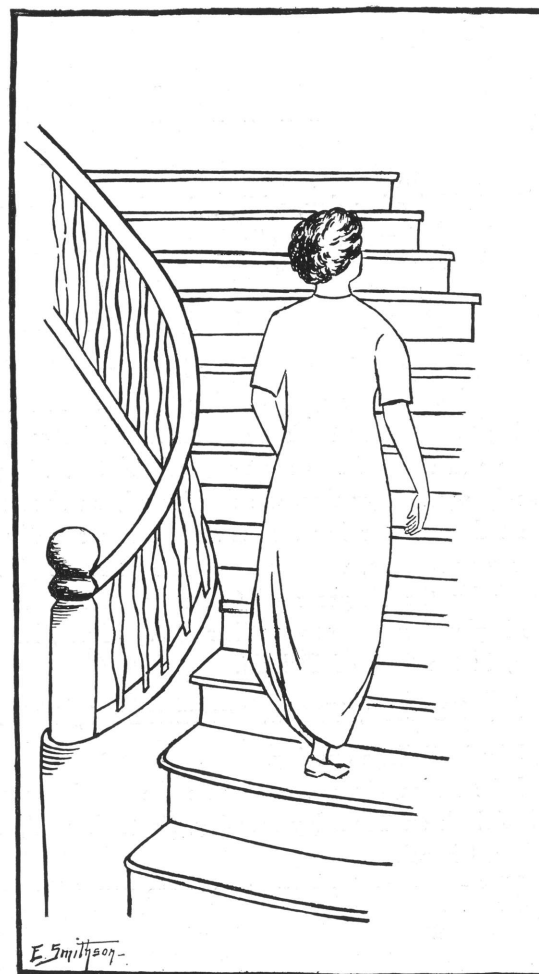
Motto: What we have to learn to do, we must learn by doing

OFFICERS

BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON	President
CLARISSA RAGSDALE	Vice-President
ALMA GARRETT	Secretary and Treasurer
MARY GRISSIM	Poet
WILLIE FERGUSON	Prophet
MISS DRANE	Sponsor

MEMBERS

WILLIE FERGUSON
ALMA GARRETT
MARY GRISSIM
PATTI HARWELL
MARY INGRUM
AILEEN OWEN
CLARISSA RAGSDALE
SARA REED
DEWEY SMITHSON
BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON



A Prophecy of the Great and Near Great

FOURTH YEAR PREPARATORY



THE other day, while going through my scrapbook, I found some clippings regarding my old classmates of 1915-1916 of Martin.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1925, NEW YORK.

Mrs. Dewy Smithson Schlater has stopped in New York on her famous tour as a dancing teacher. All the city is raving to learn from this world-renowned instructor, whose grace and style of step are unequalled. She will probably remain over longer than she anticipated, on account of the great demand for her services. She has recently made a tour over Europe, where an exquisite ball was given in her honor by the Emperor of Germany. From New York she is planning to go to visit her *Alma Mater*, Martin College, in the City of Pulaski.

PULASKI, TENN., SEPTEMBER 1, 1925.

Martin College opening.

Miss Alma Garrett announces the opening exercises at 11 o'clock on Thursday morning, September 27, 1925, in Wynn Chapel.

The prospects for a great year are unusually good, with anticipated enrollment of eight hundred students. Two new teachers have recently been added to the faculty, Misses Sara Reed and Patti Harwell. Many remember the double

wedding which was to have taken place June 24, 1924, but on account of the injuries to the fiances, Messrs. R. and G., caused by an unusually hard football game between Vanderbilt and Sewanee, the two young ladies have come to Martin College to teach voice and piano. They have spent several years abroad and will contribute much to the success of the coming year.

CAIRO, EGYPT, SEPTEMBER 5, 1925.

Mrs. Mary Grissam P. has just arrived as a missionary to the poor suffering people of this country. Her husband, Rev. P., comes in a few weeks. They would have sailed together, but business detained him, and Mrs. P. is such a devout Christian worker that she could no longer put off the people. Her whole life has been one of noble effort, beginning with her great interest in the Y. W. C. A. at Martin College.

PULASKI, TENN., SEPTEMBER 13, 1925.

After studying art for two years in Florence, Italy, and meeting such success, Clarissa Ragsdale has returned to her former home in Pulaski. Upon her return her parents immediately announced her engagement and approaching marriage to Mr. M. This does not come as a surprise, as Miss Ragsdale has ever been very popular in Pulaski society.

The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER 20, 1925.

This city is very much in an uproar over an incident which occurred last evening. One of the teachers of Ward-Belmont, Miss Bonnie Clara Simpson eloped with Mr. Claud P. of Vanderbilt University. A ladder was found at her window this morning which signified that something of the kind had been undertaken, and further investigation found it to be true.

It will be quite a shock to her parents, as she has ever been quite timid and positively unwilling to converse with men.

COLUMBIA, TENN., APRIL 3, 1925.

Clean-up day in Columbia was recently celebrated in

Columbia with very valuable results to the city. Since the street department has been in the hands of our neat and capable sister townswomen, with Miss Mary Ingram as president, wonderful changes have been made.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, JUNE 6, 1926.

Miss Aileen Owen, a famous graduate of Martin College and of the University of Tennessee, has recently been appointed chairman of the Suffrage League of this city. The League will appear in man's attire in their parade scheduled for the Fourth of July.

And so I put my scrap book away, feeling as though Time had turned back his pages and I was once more a "Martin" in the "Martin Box."

Firmly, with elastic tread,
On to college work we go,
Unremitting was ours,
Regal Dignity we show,
Through the fourth year we've been led,
Hopes are raised that once were dead.

Yet, we've spent some happy days,
Even in the fourth year class,
And in our minds, shall fondly cling,
Recollections of the past.

Honor, Happiness and Wisdom,
In the fourth year class we found,
Great ambitions there were planted,
Highest motives there abound.

Sincere is our parting sadness,
Calling us, is Duty's voice,
Higher fields await our coming,
On to college we rejoice,
Only let the bonds we sever,
Linger in our hearts forever.

Mary Elizabeth Grissim.

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



THIRD YEAR CLASS

Third Year Class

Colors: Green and White

Flower: White Carnation

OFFICERS

MARY ROGERS *President*
MINNIE LEE SHIPP *Vice-President*
MAGGIE E. LEE *Secretary*
MAURINE MURRAY *Treasurer*
MISS TANNER *Sponsor*

MEMBERS

NELLE BIRDSONG MAURINE MURRAY
BESSIE BURKHALTER LILLIAN POWELL
MATTIE CARTER BEATRICE ROBERTS
LUCILE DAVIS MARY ROGERS
ESSIE GRAVES MINNIE LEE SHIPP
REVIS HARDY ELLEN SMITHSON
FRANCES HAMPTON CHRISTINE WILKES
DORA MAI HOLMES MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS
MAGGIE E. LEE TALLULAH WOLFE
RUTH MATTHEWS ELIZABETH YANCEY

The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Second Year Class

Colors: Cardinal and Gold

Flower: Tulip

Motto: To make the best better

OFFICERS

HELENE PHELAN	<i>President</i>	VERNA GUTHRIE	<i>Secretary</i>	IRENE BURGESS	<i>Historian</i>
MARGARET LANNOM	<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH DRAKE	<i>Treasurer</i>	VERNA GUTHRIE	<i>Prophet</i>
		MISS POER	<i>Sponsor</i>		

MEMBERS

MARGARET ALEXANDER	ELIZABETH DRAKE	MILDRED JEAN	LUCILLE MCKEE
OLA ANDERSON	ELIZABETH GARDNER	LOUISE KERSEY	HELENE PHELAN
IRENE BURGESS	MARGARET GREENE	MARGARET LANNOM	REBEKAH PORTER
WILLIE CHAPMAN	VERNA GUTHRIE	REBECCA MAY	CATHERINE STORY
BERTHA COX			NELLE D. WATKINS



First Year Class

Colors: Pink and White

Flower: Pink Rose

Motto: There's room at the top.

OFFICERS

LUCILE WOOD	President
MARY LAMBETH RAGSDALE	Vice-President
VIRGINIA MAY	Treasurer
GEORGIA BROWN	Secretary

The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

First Year Class

MEMBERS

EDWINA ABERNATHY

LOUISE ASKEW

HAZEL BETHEL

GEORGIE BROWN

JANICE DAVIS

ANNIE GREEN

ELIZABETH HAMPTON

BEULAH HARRIS

ORLEAN HOLT

CORA HUFF

MARGRET IVY

LUCILE JARRATT

LUCILE WOOD

MARY LAMBETH RAGSDALE

MILDRED WILLIAMS

LILLIE LANGSTON

LUCILE LILES

SUE MALONE MASON

VIRGINIA MAY

GYPSEY OAKES

REBECCA PARKER

JEFFRA PATE

ELIZABETH PEELER

HILDA SUMMERS

IRENE VAUGHN

KATHARINE WADE

LUCILE WOOD

AGNES YATES



Irregular Class Roll

Colors: Green and White

Motto: Be not simply good, but good for something

Flower: White Carnation

EMMA FAIRES	<i>President</i>	MARGUERITE DAVIS	<i>Poet</i>
MOLLIE MAE STACY	<i>Vice-President</i>	ADELAIDE STEVENSON	<i>Prophet</i>
MARYE WOOD	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	W. T. WYNN, JR.	<i>Librarian</i>
MISS GROTE		Class Sponsor	

MEMBERS

MARY JEAN BELL	MARY NEAL DONOHO	LILLIAN HALE	PEARL McCracken	SADIE STENBECK
ANNIE BRALY	MATTIE FAIRES	LUZONNE HICKMAN	ELIZABETH McDONNELL	ADELAIDE STEVENSON
MAE CONATSER	EMMA FAIRES	NANCY HUGHES	MARY WILL OLIVER	SAM ELLA WALLACE
WILLIE COBBS	JESSIE FERGUSON	VALLIE JACKSON	JANIE PRICE	MARYE WOOD
GLADYS CARMICHAEL	WILLIE FORSYTHE	MARY LOUISE JARVIS	RUBY PRICE	LIZZIE WILLIAMS
MARGUERITE DAVIS	WILMA GARRET	MILDRED KING	GLADYS SMITH	ANNIE WRIGHT
CARRIE DURHAM	MARGARET GREENE	OLIVE McGEE	MOLLIE MAE STACY	WILLIAM T. WYNN, JR.
GRACE DENTON	SARA GREGORY	KATIE LILLIAN MCCARLEY	MARTHA ALLEN SMITH	

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



INTERMEDIATE CLASS

Intermediate Class

Flower: Violet

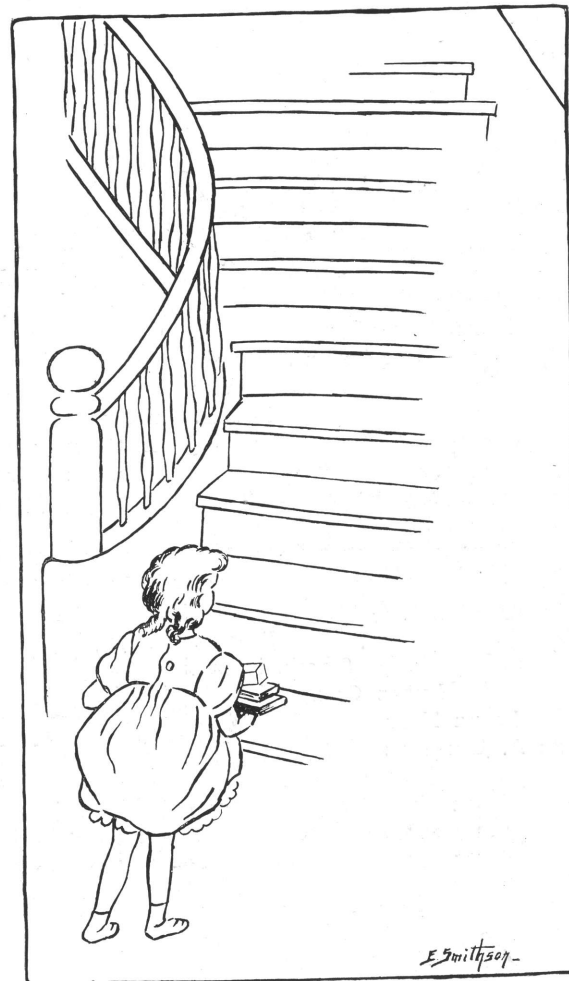
Colors: Purple and White

OFFICERS

SARA PAULK *President*
 HELEN ADKINS *Vice-President*
 MARY E. RAYBURN *Treasurer*
 EDITH PAISLEY *Secretary*
 MISS TURNER,
 Sponsor

MEMBERS

HELEN ADKINS
 IRENE COOK
 MARY MARGARET DAVIS
 RUBY HARGROVE
 LULA LONG
 BEATRICE PAISLEY
 EDITH PAISLEY
 SARA PAULK
 MARY E. RAYBURN
 ANNIE BRUCE SMITH
 FLORA TODD
 CALLIE WILLIAMS



The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

Primary Roll

HOMER ADKINS		JAMES LONG LAMAR
RUTH ADKINS		HARRIET MURRAY
MARY LOUISE AYMETT		LUCY FRY PAISLEY
LILLIAN BUTLER		PATTI POWELL
DOWDEN CANNON		MILTON POWELL
JAMES CHAPMAN		SARAH POWELL
OWEN CALLAHAN	MARY ROBERTS	
JOHN BATEMAN	McCLURE	
FLORENCE MAY		
GEORGE ANNA	MEADOWS	
MINNA CUNNINGHAM	J. J. STOWE, JR.	
KATHLEEN DOUD	ELBERT B. RAYBURN, JR.	
ROBERTA EVERLY	WILLIAM REED SCOTT	
SAMUEL ESHMAN	MARTHA STOWE	
LUCILE GARRETT	WINFREY WYNN	
LOUISE HUFF	JOHN D. WAGSTER	
JAMES A. JOHNSTONE	MARY WILLIAMS	

The background of the book cover is a dark, textured rectangular area. It features stylized, light-colored illustrations of fruit and foliage. There are several clusters of round fruits, possibly grapes or berries, and long, curved shapes that resemble bananas or plantain leaves. The design is reminiscent of mid-20th-century graphic art.

BOOK TWO

MUSIC, ART, EXPRESSION
DOMESTIC SCIENCE
COMMERCIAL



Prof. Grasse's Class Roll

ELIZABETH MASON ABERNATHY
 LOUISE ASKEW
 ANNIE BRALY
 BESSIE CHENAULT
 MAE CONATSER
 IRENE COOK
 LUCILE DAVIS

MARY MARGARET DAVIS
 MARY NEAL DONOHO
 CARRIE DURHAM
 JESSIE FERGUSON
 WILLIE FORSYTHE
 BESSIE GARDNER

MARGARET GILLIAM
 LUCILE JARRATT
 LYNETTE JONES
 BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY
 PEARL McCracken
 MARY WILL OLIVER
 REBECCA PARKER

MOLLIE MAE STACY
 HILDA SUMMERS
 MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS
 MARYE WOOD
 WINFREY WYNN

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



MRS. HARWELL'S CLASS

Mrs. Harwell's Piano Class

MARY ASHBY
MARY JEAN BELL
BESSIE BURKHALTER
LUCILE DAVIS
JANICE DAVIS
GRACE DENTON
MATTIE FAIRES
ELIZABETH GARDNER
MARY GRISSIM
ANNIE BAILEY GREEN
VERNA GUTHRIE
MARGARET LANNOM
LILLIAN HALE
PATTI HARWELL
DORA HOLMES
CORA HUFF
MARGARET IVY
VALLIE JACKSON
LUCILE MCKEE
MAURINE MURRAY
HELENE PHELAN
DEWEY SMITHSON
ELLEN SMITHSON
KATHERINE STOREY
SADIE STENBECK
FLORA TODD
ANNIE WRIGHT

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



MISS SAVEE'S CLASS

Miss Savee's Class

REVIS HARDY	Piano
LUCILE HERIGES	Piano
ORLEAN HOLT	Piano
MARY LOUISE JARVIS	Piano
REBECCA MAY	Piano
OLIVE MCGEE	Piano
JANICE DAVIS	Violin
JANIE PORTER	Violin
REBEKAH PORTER	Violin
GLADYS SMITH	Violin
IRENE VAUGHN	Violin
JOHN D. WAGSTER	Violin
ELIZABETH YANCEY	Violin
DOWDEN CANNON	Mandolin
MIRIAM DRANE	Mandolin
JOSEPHINE TURNER	Mandolin
HAZEL TANNER	Bass Viol

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

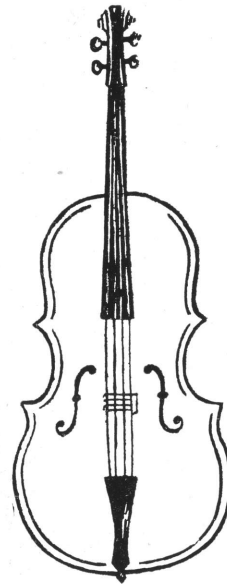
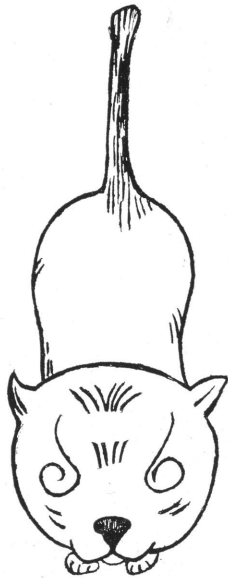


Beethoven Club

BESSIE CHENAULT
MARGARET GILLIAM
MAE CONATSER

MARYE WOOD
ANNIE BRALY
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY

MOLLIE MAE STACY
LYNETTE JONES
JESSIE FERGUSON



-E. Smithson-

The ancestry of the Violin.

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



ORCHESTRA

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Cramer Club

MRS. A. T. HARWELL
PATTI HARWELL
HELENE PHELAN

ELLEN SMITHSON
DEWEY SMITHSON
LUCILE DAVIS

The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Chorus Class

MISS COVILLE *Director*
MOLLIE MAI STACY *Pianist*

KATHRYN BRAZELTON
EMMA FAIRES
VERNA GUTHRIE

LUCILE HERIGES
LUCILE JARRATT
LYNETTE JONES

MARY ELLEN

OLIVE MCGEE

KATIE LILLIAN MCCARLEY

SADIE STENBECK

WILLIAMS

TOMMYE SUTTON

KATHARINE WADE

NELL D. WATKINS



Expression Class

Colors: Purple and Gold

Motto: Labor omnia vincit

Flower: Violet

MYRTLE McCracken

President

NELLE Birdsong

Secretary Verna Guthrie

Treasurer

MEMBERS

LOUISE ASKEW
 NELLE BIRDSONG
 GEORGIE BROWN
 MINNA CUNNINGHAM
 MARGUERITE DAVIS

ELIZABETH DRAKE
 MARGARET GREENE
 SARA GREGORY
 Verna GUTHRIE
 FRANCES HAMPTON

LUZONNE HICKMAN
 NANCY HUGHES
 MARGARET IVY
 RUTH MATTHEWS
 REBECCA MAY

MYRTLE C. McCracken
 OLLIE McGEE
 LUCILE McKEE
 PATTI POWELL
 GLADYS SMITH

CATHERINE STORY
 TALLULAH WOLFE
 LUCILE WOOD
 WILLIAM T. WYNN, JR.
 HELENE PHELAN

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Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Art Class

MISS COVILLE
CARRIE DURHAM
ELIZABETH HAMPTON
FRANCIS HAMPTON

ZELMA KING
KATHLEEN KENNEDY
VIRGINIA MAY
LILLIAN POWELL

MARY ROGERS
MISS SHERRER
MISS TANNER
KATHARINE WADE



DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS

Domestic Science Class

MAE CONATSER
 IRENE COOK
 MARGUERITE DAVIS
 GRACE DENTON

EMMA FAIRES
 LOUISE FORGEY
 WILLIE FORSYTHE
 ESSIE GRAVES

SARAH GREGORY
 MARY GRISSIM
 LILLIAN HALE
 LUCILE HERIGES

LUZONNE HICKMAN
 NANNIE HUGHES
 VALLE JACKSON
 LUCILE LILES

KATIE LILLIAN MCCARLEY

MARGARET WALLACE

ELIZABETH PEELER

ADELAIDE STEVENSON

ANNIE WRIGHT

Domestic Art Class

MAE CONATSER
 MARGUERITE DAVIS
 GRACE DENTON
 EMMA FAIRES

LOUISE FORGEY
 WILLIE FORSYTHE
 ESSIE GRAVES
 MARY GRISSIM

LILLIAN HALE
 LUCILE HERIGES
 LUZONNE HICKMAN
 VALLE JACKSON

LUCILE LILES

KATIE LILLIAN MCCARLEY

LOUCILE MCKEE

ELIZABETH PEELER

ADELAIDE STEVENSON

MARGARET WALLACE

ANNIE WRIGHT

Commercial Class

Motto: Make yourself necessary to the world and mankind will give you bread.

MRS. CANNON *President*

MRS. SLEDGE *Secretary*

ALEEN BELL
 LURA BRIDGES
 WILLIE RUTH CHAPMAN
 MARGARET GILLIAM

ESSIE GRAVES
 AILEEN OWEN
 BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON
 MRS. HAZEL M. SLEDGE

The background of the book cover is a dark, textured surface. It features several large, stylized, overlapping leaf-like shapes in a lighter shade of gray. Interspersed among these leaves are clusters of small, round berries or grapes, also in a lighter shade of gray. The overall design is reminiscent of early 20th-century decorative art.

BOOK THREE

ORGANIZATIONS
LITERARY SOCIETIES
Y. W. C. A.

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



PHI KAPPA

Phi Kappa Literary Society

OFFICERS

	FIRST TERM	SECOND TERM
<i>President</i>	EDWINA GAINES	EDWINA GAINES
<i>Vice-President</i>	BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY	BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY
<i>Secretary</i>	KATHLEEN TOMKINS	EMMA FAIRES
<i>Treasurer</i>	EMMA FAIRES	CLARISSA RAGSDALE
<i>Pianist</i>	PATTI HARWELL	PATTI HARWELL
<i>Chaplain</i>	CARRIE DURHAM	MARY GARNER
<i>Critic</i>	CATHERINE STORY	WILLIE FORSYTHE
<i>Marshal</i>	LUCILE DAVIS	MARGARET GILLIAM

MEMBERS

BEATRICE PAISLEY	MARGARET ALEXANDER	ELLEN SMITHSON
EDITH PAISLEY	NELLE BIRDSONG MARY GARNER	CATHERINE STORY
LILLIAN POWELL	ANNE BRALY	TOM SUTTON
HELENE PHELAN	BESSIE BURKHALTER	BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON
REBECKAH PORTER	WILLIE CHAPMAN	NELLE TURNER
	BESSIE CHENAULT	
	MAE CONATSER	
	IRENE COOK	
	WILLIE COBBS	
LUCILE DAVIS	CALLIE WILLIAMS	
MARY MARGARET DAVIS	LUCILE LOYD WOOD	
CARRIE DURHAM	SAM ELLA WALLACE	
JESSIE FERGUSON	ELIZABETH YANCEY	
WILLIE FERGUSON		
CLARISSA RAGSDALE	EMMA FAIRES	
MARY LAMBUTH RAGSDALE	MATTIE FAIRES	
MARY ROGERS	WILLIE FORSYTHE	
BEATRICE ROBERTS	LOUISE FORGEY	
MINNIE SHIPP	MAURINE MURRAY	
	PEARL McCracken	
	GYPSY OAKES	
	LOUISE KERSEY	
	REBECCA MAY	
	KATHLEEN TOMKINS	
	IRENE VAUGHN	
	KATHARINE WADE	
	MILDRED WILLIAMS	
	MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS	

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Philosophian Society

Colors: Green and White

Motto: Quality, not quantity

Flower: White Carnation

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM		SECOND TERM
ANNIE RUTH LEE	<i>President</i>	ANNIE RUTH LEE
ANNE ABERNATHY	<i>Vice-President</i>	SARA REED
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	<i>Secretary</i>	KATHRYN BRAZELTON
ADELAIDE STEVENSON	<i>Treasurer</i>	ADELAIDE STEVENSON
MARYE WOOD	<i>Pianist</i>	ELIZABETH ABERNATHY
KATHRYN BRAZELTON	<i>Critic</i>	MATTIE CARTER
RUTH MATTHEWS	<i>Chaplain</i>	MAGGIE E. LEE
SADIE STENBECK AND ELIZABETH RAYBURN	<i>Marshals</i>	VIRGINIA MAY
WILMA GARRETT, MATTIE CARTER AND SARA REED	<i>Program Committee</i>	TALLULAH WOLFE, MARY WOOD, REVIS HARDY
JANICE DAVIS, SARA PAULK, TULLULAH WOLFE	<i>Social Committee</i>	EDWINA ABERNATHY, SUE MALONE MASON,
VALLE JACKSON AND MARYE WOOD		AILEEN OWENS AND LURA BRIDGES

MEMBERS

ANNE ABERNATHY	ANNIE RUTH LEE
ELIZABETH M. ABERNATHY	MAGGIE E. LEE
EDWINA ABERNATHY	SUE MALONE MASON
LURA BRIDGES	VIRGINIA MAY
KATHRYN BRAZELTON	ELIZABETH RAYBURN
MATTIE CARTER	RUTH MATTHEWS
JANICE DAVIS	AILEEN OWENS
ALMA GARRETT	SARA PAULK
WILMA GARRETT	SARA REED
REVIS HARDY	MARTHA ALLEN SMITH
ORLEAN HOLT	SADIE STENBECK
MARY INGRAM	ADELAIDE STEVENSON
VALLE JACKSON	MARYE WOOD
LILLIAN LANGSTON	LIZZIE WILLIAMS
	ANNIE WRIGHT

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



AELIOLIAN SOCIETY

Aeliolian Society

Motto: Be satisfied with nothing but the best

OFFICERS

MARGUERITE DAVIS	President
MOLLIE MAY STACY	Vice-President
NELL HOLT	Secretary
MARIE FORMWALT	Treasurer
NELL D. WATKINS	Critic
MOLLIE MAY STACY	Pianist
LOUISE ASKEW	Chaplain
JANIE PRICE	Marshal

MEMBERS

OLA ANDERSON	ELIZABETH GARDNER	LUCILE JARRATT	JANIE PRICE
LOUISE ASKEW	ANNIE GREEN	MILDRED JEAN	RUBY PRICE
MARY HELEN ADKINS	MARGARET GREEN	MARGARET LANNOM	ANNIE BRUCE SMITH
GEORGIA BROWN	SARAH GREGORY	HATTIE LONG	GLADYS SMITH
IRENE BURGESS	VERNA GUTHRIE	LULA LONG	DEWEY SMITHSON
REBECCA BYRD	LILLIAN HALE	LUCILE LILES	MOLLIE MAY STACY
BERTHA COX	RUBY HARGROVE	KATE MCCARLEY	HILDA SUMMERS
GLADYS CARMICHAEL	BEULAH HARRIS	ELIZABETH McDONNELL	NELL D. WATKINS
MARGUERITE DAVIS	LUZONNE HICKMAN	OLLIE MCGEE	CHRISTINE WILKES
GRACE DENTON	NELL HOLT	LUCILE MCKEE	ALICE WILKINSON
MARY NEAL DONOHO	NANCY HUGHES	REBECCA PARKER	ELIZABETH RAWLS
ELIZABETH DRAKE	CORA HUFF	ELIZABETH PEELER	FLORA TODD
MARIE FORMWALT	MARGARET IVY	JEFFRA PATE	AGNES YATES

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Young Women's Christian Association

CABINET

MAE CONATSER	President
EMMA FAIRES	Vice-President
MYRTLE McCracken	Secretary
BONNIE SIMPSON	Treasurer
MRS. CORNELIA C. CANNON	Faculty Advisor
PEARL McCracken	Chairman of Room Committee
BONNIE C. SIMPSON	Chairman of Finance Committee
MYRTLE McCracken	Chairman of Association News Committee
EDWINA GAINES	Chairman of Social Committee
PATTI HARWELL	Chairman of Music Committee
MARYE WOOD	Assistant Chairman of Music Committee
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY	Chairman of Religious Committee
BESSIE CHENAULT	Chairman of Missionary Committee

ROLL

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY
OLA ANDERSON
LOUISE ASKEW
MISS BAGBY
MARY JEAN BELL
MISS BRENT
KATHRYN BRAZELTON
LURA BRIDGES
GEORGIA BROWN
BESSIE BURKHALTER
REBECCA BYRD
MRS. CANNON
BESSIE CHENAULT
MAE CONATSER
MISS COVILLE
LUCILE DAVIS
GRACE DENTON
ELIZABETH DRAKE

MISS DRANE
EVELYN EDWARDS
EMMA FAIRES
MATTIE FAIRES
MARIE FORMWALT
WILLIE FORSYTHE
EDWINA GAINES
ELIZABETH GARDNER
MARGARET GILLIAM
ESSIE GRAVES
SARAH GREGORY
MISS GROTE
VERNA GUTHRIE
LILLIAN HALE
RUBY HARGROVE
MRS. HARWELL
PATTI HARWELL
MISS HERIGES

LUZONNE HICKMAN
ORLEAN HOLT
BESSIE LEE KEATHLEY
RUTH MATTHEWS
MYRTLE McCracken
PEARL McCracken
ELIZABETH McDONNELL
OLIVE McGEE
LUCILE McKEE
HELENE PHELAN
MISS POER
JANIE PRICE
RUBY PRICE
ELIZABETH RAWLS
SARA REED
MARY ROGERS
MISS SHERRER
MINNIE SHIPP

BONNIE CLARA SIMPSON
GLADYS SMITH
ANNIE BRUCE SMITH
MARTHA ALLEN SMITH
ELLEN SMITHSON
DEWEY SMITHSON
SADIE STENBECK
ADELAIDE STEVENSON
TOM SUTTON
MISS TANNER
FLORA TODD
MISS TURNER
MARY ELLEN WILLIAMS
CHRISTINE WILKES
TALLULAH WOLFE
MARYE WOOD
IRENE VAUGHN
AGNES YATES

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



Y. W. C. A.

The background of the book cover is a dark, textured surface. It features several large, stylized, overlapping leaf shapes in a lighter shade of gray. Interspersed among these leaves are clusters of small, round berries, each with a small stem and a single leaf. The berries are arranged in small groups, some at the top corners, some at the bottom corners, and some along the sides. The overall design is reminiscent of early 20th-century decorative arts.

BOOK FOUR

ATHLETICS, CLUBS, LITERARY
MISCELLANEOUS
ADVERTISEMENTS



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SECOND YEAR BASKETBALL TEAM

Second Year Basketball Team

	HELENE PHELAN	Captain
	GUTHRIE	Center
	LANNOM	Center
	BURGESS	Guard
	McKEE	Guard
COX	PARKER	Guard
	ANDERSON	Goal Thrower
	DRAKE	Goal Thrower
	YATES	Goal Thrower
	WATKINS	Goal Thrower

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Irregular Basketball Team

MAE CONATSER *Captain and Guard*
WILLIE FORSYTHE *Guard*
ADELAIDE STEVENSON *Center*
LILLIAN HALE *Forward*

GRACE DENTON *Forward*
EMMA FAIRES *Substitute*
GLADYS SMITH *Substitute*
KATIE LILLIAN MCCARLEY *Substitute*

Tennis

EDWINA ABERNATHY
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY MARY LOUISE JARVIS
ANNIE BRALY LUCILE JARRATT
KATHRYN BRAZELTON MARGARET LANNOM
LURA BRIDGES SUE MALONE MASON
IRENE BURGESS MYRTLE MCCrackEN
BESSIE BURKHALTER PEARL MCCrackEN
REBECCA BYRD LUCILE MCKEE
DOWDEN CANNON HELENE PHELAN
MATTIE CARTER JANIE PRICE
MAE CONATSER RUBY PRICE
LUCILE DAVIS ELIZABETH RAWLS
ELIZABETH DRAKE SARAH REED
EMMA FAIRES MARY ROGERS
LOUISE FORGEY GLADYS SMITH
WILLIE FORSYTHE DEWEY SMITHSON
EDWINA GAINES ELLEN SMITHSON
MARGARET GREEN MOLLIE MAY STACY
VERNA GUTHRIE ADELAIDE STEVENSON
PATTIE HARWELL LUCILE TURNER
LUZONNE HICKMAN IRENE VAUGHN
MARGARET IVY KATHARINE WADE
WILLIAM T. WYNN, JR.

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R. B. C. Club

Meeting Place: Cell 46, "Tenn." Hall

Pastime: Eating

Motto: Us four and no more

LILLIAN HALE "Dixie"
 GRACE DENTON "Trixie"

KATIE LILLIAN MCCARLEY "Kittie"
 ELIZABETH PEELER "Diddey"

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B. B. B. Club

Motto: Be sure you have landed safely in bed

	NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
SADIE STENBECK	"Dear"	"Good Hec."
KATHARINE WADE	"Kat"	"Well, I can't help it."
MATTIE CARTER	"Matsy"	"Grand."
REBECCA PARKER	"Beck"	"This is the way to do it"

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M. A. M. Clan

Motto: Catch all you can

LUCILE JARRATT	"Snookums"	"Oh passion!"	"A dishwasher"
NELL D. WATKINS	"Mutt"	"I want a Ring"	"Catcher of Bees-lys"
BERTHA COX	"Tootsie"	"Shivers!"	"Capturer of Hink"
LUCILE LILES	"Pet"	"Scoot Kid!"	"A Cat Tamer"
MARIE FORMWALT	"Torment"	"Go to and stay put"	"Old Maid School Teacher"

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Sextette

MARY NEAL DONOHO
MARY GRISSIM

EDWINA GAINES
MARY ROGERS

MOLLIE MAE STACY
KATHLEEN TOMKINS

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Alabama Club

MRS. W. T. WYNN	JESSIE FERGUSON	FLORA TODD
MRS. BARBARA FERGUSON	WILLIE FERGUSON	ANNIE BRALY
MISS LELL GROTE	ELIZABETH RAWLS	EVELYN EDWARDS
EMMA FAIRES	REBECCA BYRD	
WILLIAM WYNN	MATTIE FAIRES	
	WINFREY WYNN	

"Sisters Club"

EDWINA ABERNATHY	WILLIE FERGUSON	ANNIE R. LEE	RUBY PRICE
ELIZABETH MASON ABERNATHY	ALMA GARRETT	MAGGIE E. LEE	CLARISSA RAGSDALE
EMMA FAIRES	WILMA GARRETT	MYRTLE McCracken	MARY LAMBETH RAGSDALE
MATTIE FAIRES	ANNIE GREENE	PEARL McCracken	LUCILE WOOD
JESSIE FERGUSON	MARGARET GREENE	JANIE PRICE	MARYE WOOD

Lawrence County G. P. F. Club

Motto: Remember who you are,
where you're from and what
you represent.

Flower: Bachelor Buttons

WILLIE FORSYTHE	MARY GARNER	MARGARET GILLIAM
ANNIE BAILEY GREENE	MARGARET WILLIAMS GREENE	HELENE PHELAN

A Drama
THE LITTLE SCHOOL TEACHER
From
"LORAINÉ"
A Story in the 1915 Martin Box
BY MOLLIE MAE STACY

CHARACTERS

LORAINÉ
ROBERT WESTON
DAVID STRONG
MRS. STRONG (Mother of David)
THE POSTMAN

ACT I—SCENE I

Well-furnished library of a modern home. Lorainé is seated before a bookcase assorting books.

Lorainé—I'm just crazy to get started. When I applied for a school I said I didn't care where it was, just so I could teach, and I think they have taken me at my word; for the name of the place surely sounds forsaken. "Lonesome," isn't that a peculiar name? I rather like it, though.

(Enter Robert Weston.)

Robert—You see I am on time. I promised to come at

five, and it is just that time now (looking at watch). Lorainé, I will miss you dreadfully while you are gone, but you will write me, won't you?

Lorainé—Of course, I'll write you, Bob, and you must write to me and tell me all about the things happening at home, and about your practice, and I'll write you all about my school and—

Bob (interrupting)—Oh, hang the school! I don't care for it. I don't love the school, but I do care for you. Try to love me, Lorainé, even a hundredth as much as I love you, won't you?

Lorainé (softly)—I'll try, Bob.

SCENE II

A small room in a little country home. Only two windows in the room. One is covered with roses, which peep through the broken window-panes. The other is open, giving a glimpse of the valley below and the distant mountains.

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Enter Loraine with David, who is carrying her suit case.

David—You are the new teacher, I believe. Well, I'm David Strong, and this is my home (enter Mrs. Strong), and my mother. (Exit David.)

Mrs. Strong—(Takes Loraine in her arms and kisses her.) Honey, I'm so glad you come. I was afraid when they told me I was to board the new teacher that she'd be some stiff, edjicated old maid; but you don't look a bit that-a-way.

Loraine—Thank you, Mrs. Strong; and I want to tell you that I'm glad I have such a nice place to board. I just know I shall love it.

Mrs. S.—Well, I'm going to try to make you happy while you are with us. But I'm sure you want to rest a little, so I'll go and prepare dinner. (Exit.) (Curtain.)

SCENE III

In a kitchen. David and Mother are seated.
(Mrs. Strong is paring potatoes.)

Mrs. S.—Ain't she the sweetest thing, Son?

David—(Silent.)

Mrs. S.—I say, ain't she the sweetest thing?

David—(Hesitatingly) Yes.

Mrs. S.—Why, what's the matter, boy? You don't say it like you mean it. Don't you like her? You looked at her like you could most eat her up.

David—(Embarrassed) Aw, I didn't look that way, did I, Mother? (Picking up a bucket) I'm going after some water. (Exit.)

Mrs. S.—What on earth can be ailing that boy? He jest while ago brought enough water to do all day.

(Enter Loraine.)

Loraine—Can I do anything to help you? (Picks up a large apron and puts it on.)

Mrs. S.—Lawsy, no, honey; you mustn't do that. I'm use to doing it, and I don't mind.

Loraine—But I get lonesome by myself, and then, anyway, I love to pare potatoes. (Sits down and picks up a knife and begins to help Mrs. S.)

Mrs. S.—Well, then, if you jest insist, I guess I can't keep you from helping me.

(Enter David. Puts water on table, looks at Loraine, sighs, then goes out.)

Loraine—(Does not see David.) Tell me something of my school, Mrs. Strong. Tell me where it is and how far I'll have to walk, and just most anything you think would be interesting for me to know.

Mrs. S.—Well, I don't know so much about it, because, you know, I am old, and David ain't been there in so long that I don't visit it as often as I use to. The building is situated about a mile from our house, but you won't have to walk, because David will jest be more than glad to take you in the buggy every morning.

Loraine—Thank you, Mrs. Strong; but I don't like to put your son to any trouble, and, anyway, I think it would just be loads of fun to walk.

Mrs. S.—I'm sure it wouldn't be any trouble at all to David. In fact, I think he would kinder like it. (Looks up at Loraine and smiles. Loraine smiles, too.)

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Loraine—Aren't you sure these will be enough potatoes? I'll take them and put them on the stove, then I can say I helped cook. (Takes the pan of potatoes and puts them on the stove.)

Mrs. S.—Well, now, if you will tend to the dinner for just a few minutes, I'll run out in the yard and get something pretty and show you.

Loraine—All right. (Exit *Mrs. Strong*.) I'm always anxious to look at pretty things, especially if it is something that Mother Nature has to deal with.
(Re-enter *Mrs. Strong*.)

Mrs. S.—You can't guess what I have. (Hiding a rose behind her.)

Loraine—(Peeping around her.) Yes, I can; it is a rose. Please let me see it.

Mrs. S.—Now, ain't this pretty? It is almost perfect. It's hard for me to tell which I'm more thankful for, my roses or my boy. But let me tell you what David has done. His father died when he was quite young, and nobody was left to support me but just him. He worked hard and saved enough money to go through college without asking me for a cent. After he received his degree he came back here to the mountains and to me, and he was made superintendent of a large lumber company, and he also owns this farm. Now, since you know this, which would you guess I was more thankful for?

Loraine—For your son, of course. He surely deserves credit for what he has done.

Mrs. S.—It seems like I could talk all day about him, but it is now time for dinner. Suppose you go find David, and I will meet you in the dinin' room.
(Exit *Loraine*.) (Curtain.)

ACT II—SCENE I

On the porch of *Mrs. Strong*'s house. Time, 7 o'clock. David, *Mrs. Strong* and *Loraine* are seated.

David—(To *Loraine*.) How would the little schoolma'am like to plan her year's work?

Loraine—Just fine. I am really more interested in my work than most anything. I know I shall just love to teach. Tell me, how many pupils will I have?

David—Well, I guess you will have about thirty-five or forty. Don't you think that would be as many as you could manage?

Mrs. S.—I think it would, for we don't want you to work too hard.

Loraine—There won't be any danger of me working too hard, and I know I will get along so well and love every one of my pupils.

Mrs. S.—Yes, I'm sure you will, too, and I jest know they will love you, for they couldn't help it.

Loraine—Thank you, *Mrs. Strong*. I shall try to win every little heart. I shouldn't think it would be very pleasant to have any of them dislike me. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I will go home Christmas, of course, but I think I would like to spend a month next summer with you after school is out. (Laughing.) Do you think you could stand me?

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David—Of course, we could. You just stay and see.

Mrs. S.—Yes, do stay, for you would be so much company for me.

David—And me, too; I must not be left out.

Mrs. S.—Well, it is getting rather late, and I guess we had better all go in and go to bed. (To *Loraine*.) Your school begins at eight. What time must I call you?

Loraine—Call me at six, because I want to get to school early in order to arrange everything.

David—And don't forget that I'm to take you.

Loraine—I'll remember. And, now, good-night. Pleasant dreams to both of you.

(Curtain.)

SCENE II

Same as Act I, Scene II. *Loraine* is seated on the floor before the window, looking toward the valley below. The room is dimly lighted by the moonlight.

Loraine—Yes, it has only been a day since I saw Bob, but it seems months, yes, years. I really believe he loves me, and I know I love him. I well remember when we first became sweethearts. We were only children, but, then, sometimes children know. We have now grown to manhood and womanhood, and the love which filled our hearts when children still lingers and grows deeper and deeper. I wonder if it would really have been better for me to have married Bob when he first came home from school, as he wanted me to. And this morning as we drove up the mountain together we talked of our near future. But, no. I shall stay

up here and teach for at least two years, and during that time he will build up his practice, and then, yes, and then. But why sit here and dream? It is growing late, and I must be going to bed. Good-night, bright stars, and may I, while in the midst of sleep, dream of the one I love.

(Curtain.)

ACT III—SCENE I

(In a rose arbor. *Loraine* is seated on a bench.)

Loraine—A year has passed, and I am still teaching in the little school in the mountains. I love my work and my pupils, and nothing can make me leave them. Many things have happened since I first came. Robert's promised letters have not been coming as often as they once did; I have not seen him in seven months, nor even heard from him in five. When he first became careless and indifferent it grieved me, but now—and I can give no reason for it—it doesn't worry me at all. Of course, I wonder why he hasn't written, but I am so happy here with Mrs. Strong and her roses that it doesn't bother me. But listen! I hear footsteps approaching. (Looks down the road.) Oh, it is the postman waving a letter. I wonder what he has in store for me.

(Enter postman, gives *Loraine* a letter, then exit. She opens it and reads the contents. Enter *David*. *Loraine*, not seeing him, finishes her letter, then lets pages fall to the ground and lays her head over on her arms on the back of the bench.)

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David—What's the matter, little schoolma'am?

Loraine—(Raising her head.) I'm not crying, David; I was just thinking. Where is my letter? I want you to read it.

(David gathers up the scattered sheets of stationery and hands them to Loraine.)

Loraine—Please read it, David.

David—(Reading.) "Dear Loraine: A fellow might as well 'fess up' and take his scolding, I guess. What would you say should you receive a letter from me telling you that I was married? Well, this is the letter, and I am the guy. Do you remember that I wrote you of meeting a girl by the name of Wortham? Well, she consented to have me, and I am as happy as a lark. We want you to visit us this summer if you can manage to leave the 'backwoods' long enough, but we'll write about that later. Give my best regards to all the little 'Woodsters.' Your old friend, BOB."

(To Loraine.) Well, little woman (as he gives her back her letter), what do you think of this fellow, and the flippancy way in which he tells you of his marriage?

Loraine—I think it is just like Bob. He's a good old fellow, but he has always been that way. I am glad he is happy, and I'm glad I'm not the other girl. (David laughs.) Don't laugh, David, 'cause I'm serious. I used to think I loved Bob, but I would not marry him, because I wasn't sure. I am glad I didn't. He did not know how to sympathize with me in my love for the mountains, or he wouldn't have said what he did in this letter about my dear little pupils. But there's no need of me telling you all this, David; I just want to talk to someone about it, and no one seems to sympathize with me and understand as you do.

David—(Earnestly.) Oh, I'm so glad you think so. I though you loved this other man. Now that you have said that you do not, please listen to me. I've loved you, I think, ever since I first saw you; but I thought it was my lot to wait and see you marry Robert. Oh, Loraine! dear little schoolma'am, won't you love me? Look at me and tell me so.

Loraine—Look in my eyes, and there you will find the answer.

(Curtain.)

His Image

In every fleecy cloud and azure sky,
I see the face of Him who gives us life,
In every singing bird I hear the voice,
Of Jesus, amidst the turmoil of earth's strife.

In every little gayly-tinted flower,
That grows beside the energetic brook,
There breathes the Creator's infinite powers,
And in its lovely face I see His look.

In every leafy bough and fruitful shrub,
That lends its presence to the lonely wood,
In every byway wherein Nature thrives,
I recognize the truth, "That God is good."

From the quiet, unobtrusive little brooklet
To the turbulent and ever-rushing sea,
I can see His face, so grand and yet so gentle,
And He, through Nature, seems to speak to me.

As I gaze upon the snowy mountain summit,
As I wander in the valley down below,
I marvel at the various forms and features,
And the power of the One who made them so.

When man ventured into deeper hidden Mysteries,
He discovered precious mineral hidden in the sod,
O, the happy thought, that we should be the creatures,
Of an infinite and omnipresent God.

The very stars that cheer the lonely midnight,
The midday sun that beams forth, strong and bright,
Reflect the living image of their Maker,
Who gives, to all who seek, eternal light.

But the wonder, that to me appears the greatest,
When I view His power and grandeur in so much,
Is, that man, who should portray a perfect likeness,
Often shows the least, the Master's magic touch.

Tullulah Wolfe.

Jean

BY EDWINA GAINES

THE snow began to fall more swiftly. The drifts were piling up about the house so that the snow covered the broken pane in the window. Jean placed another log upon the fire, that she might have more light.

"Jean," came a weak call from the bed in the corner.

"Yes, Daddy," the girl answered as she knelt by the bed, taking the withered hand in her own. "What is it, Daddy, are you cold?"

"No, my child, I am not cold now, but soon this old body will be very cold. Now, don't cry, little girl, but listen to what I have to say to you." A dreadful fit of coughing interrupted him, but he soon continued.

"Do you remember your mother, Jean?"

"Why, no, Daddy," answered the girl wonderingly. "You know you are my mother and Daddy both. I never saw my mother. Why do you ask?"

"Because, my child, every one should know of her mother. Her memory should hover as a guardian angel over the head of every girl. Jean, you look like your mother. She was just your height; you have her black hair and large brown eyes. Jean, do you know you are beautiful?"

"Go on, Daddy, tell me more. How old was my

mother when you married her?" The old man's face became clouded.

"That is what I was going to tell you, but give me time. Your mother was not my wife. I have never been married. You are not my child. Your mother was coming through the mountains in a large car, just at this time of year, and just this sort of weather, eighteen years ago. The snow was deep and the chauffeur reckless. The car ran off a cliff and they were both killed. I was young then; I had been to a spelling bee down at the old mill. I saw the accident, and called a doctor, but it was too late. I saw that they were buried, but as I came back by the car I heard a faint cry; I looked, and there I found you wrapped in fur. I brought you home with me. Your mother wore a miniature—I suppose it was of your father, but I don't see why he let your beautiful mother travel alone with her little babe. I tried to find out who your mother was, but Jean, little girl, I was glad I could not, for I wanted to keep you. I was reckless as the other mountain boys before you came. Then I awakened to the responsibility which was mine. I began to read books at night after my work, till I no longer used the careless brogue of the mountaineers. I bought books so that you would not grow up in ignorance; I have tried, little girl, to make up for you the luxuries you have

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been deprived of by living in these mountains with me."

"Daddy, dear," interrupted the girl, crying, "you have been dear to me. I love you better than I could ever have loved any one. Oh, Daddy, I love these mountains; I love their wildness, their picturesque beauty; I am glad I have been reared where I can breathe.

"Little girl, there's something else I have to say to you. I don't know how to say it, but, Jean, don't marry any of these rough mountain boys; there's only one who is worthy of you; you know that I mean Lawrence Hunt. He showed the stuff he was made of when he worked his way through the university and was not content to live in ignorance as these other boys. But, Jean" (his voice was becoming weak), "Jean, get the miniature."

Jean started toward the trunk, but was arrested by the deep breathing of the old man.

"Jean," he whispered.

"Yes, Daddy," but he did not answer her. His noble heart had ceased its beating and his lips were still.

"Oh, Daddy!" the girl screamed and fell on her knees with her arms around the old man.

The next morning when some of the woodmen stopped in to inquire about old Jim, they found the girl motionless, pillowing the white head of the old man on her breast.

"Old Jim's give up the ghost," one of them remarked; "go down to the mill and see if you can get a coffin, Pete."

One of the men left the room, the others fixed up the fire and busied themselves preparing for the burial. But Jean could endure it no longer. She went out into the little kitchen where she could be alone to mourn her dead.

The strong mountaineers worked fast. The coffin came

and everything was made ready for the burial. The preacher asked for Jean. An old woman said she would go find her, but a strong, young man stepped up and said, "No, I will go for Jean."

The woman drew back, a knowing and tender look in her eyes. "Go on, Lawrence, me boy, and may the good Lord bless ye," she said.

Lawrence passed into the kitchen and had started outside when he heard a sob over by the window. Softly he stepped to the side of the girl.

"Jean, my girl, brace up, come go with me," he said tenderly.

The girl looked up into his strong, manly face. "Go where?" she asked in a dazed manner.

"To the end of the world," Lawrence thought, but he said, "In yonder!" Slowly she followed him into the room crowded with people. In the mountains everyone puts on his Sunday clothes and goes to a funeral, so the small room was crowded with rough, unshaven men, each in his one store suit and women in checked calico. The children are always brought along, too, so they hid in the corners and behind their mothers' skirts, their eyes wide open with wonder. Someone had laid a sprig of holly on the cheap, black coffin, in front of which stood the minister with the Bible in his hand. Into this group Lawrence led the girl, and stood by her during the trying ceremony, as if in answer to the dead man's wish.

Six months have passed since old Jim left Jean alone in the little cabin in the mountains. There is no fire in the large, open fireplace, but the doors and windows are open

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and the house is filled with the sweet aroma of the wild flowers and the songs of mountain birds. From the front door one can see down the path arched with red bud and dogwood blossoms, to the winding mountain road. A horse is hitched to a tree by the side of the road and he greedily crops the wild grass at his feet. At the window one stands enchanted by the view. Across a short strip of yard covered with wild flowers is a cliff, and in the distance is a dark blue line indicating the opposite mountain range. Between the two is the peaceful valley, basking in the sunlight. Within the cottage old Martha, the woman who now lives with Jean and helps with the work, is busy with her baking. Several times she has stopped her work and looked out the door. The last time she shook her head and muttered: "That horse is still here; looks like that boy never knows when to leave. But when folks is in love the time do fly; I jest wish he'd get up the nerve to ask her." Probably the old woman's wish was the spur that pricked the boy to action. Anyway, he "asked her." And as the sun went down behind the mountain, Jean and Lawrence sat by the spring in the ravine below the cliff. They did not talk, their hearts were too full for speech, for when two people have promised each other undying love there is no need for words.

"Jean," said Lawrence, suddenly, "I had forgotten to tell you the good news I received last night. It was a letter from some man in Chicago who had seen some of my work and wanted to know if I would draw up the plans for a hospital. I've never tried anything so big before and I never dreamed, when I left the university, of becoming an architect. But I wrote him that I would do the work for

him and I would either go to Chicago or meet him elsewhere to discuss the plans."

"Oh, Lawrence," answered the girl, looking at him with worshipping eyes. "I am so glad, so proud of you."

Two weeks later Jean was out in the yard, wearing a blue gingham dress and a blue sunbonnet, busily working with her flowers, when Lawrence slipped softly up behind her. "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" he sang teasingly. Jean greeted him with a happy smile.

"You had better ask how the weeds grow," she answered as she removed her soiled gloves.

"Jean, I have a surprise for you," Lawrence said, abruptly.

"Oh, is it about the hospital man?"

"Yes, Jean, he is coming to-day to see about the plans."

Later in the afternoon Jean sat anxiously waiting for Lawrence to return from the interview with the Chicago man. As she sat on the porch, covered with honeysuckles, the simple white dress with the miniature of her father at her throat made her beauty more womanly and enhancing. She was sewing on her wedding dress of dainty white organdie. As she worked she did not see the two figures coming up the path until they were almost upon the porch. When she saw them she arose and quickly put away her sewing, blushing deeply. She started towards them with outstretched hand, when suddenly she stopped as still as death, the crimson faded from her face, leaving it as pale as marble. Both men stopped and looked at her as she stood before them like some frightened nymph. Finally Lawrence spoke, "Jean," he said, "this is Mr. Travers, the

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gentleman for whom I am to draw up the plans. Mr. Travers, meet Miss Shannon."

"I am very glad to meet you, Miss Shannon," the man replied, extending his hand. Jean did not notice the hand, quickly she turned to Lawrence.

"Oh, Lawrence, don't you see, he is the same man whose miniature I wear; don't you see?" she cried in a strained voice. Then Lawrence noticed for the first time the resemblance. It was dark when the two men started to leave. They had spent hours solving the mystery of Jean's life. She told them all that old Jim had told her and Mr. Travers told how his wife and baby girl had been lost somewhere in the Alleghaney Mountains and he had never been able to find them or any information concerning them. As they

left Jean planted a kiss upon the forehead of each. "My newly found father, and my husband to be," she said, tenderly. A few weeks later there was a quiet but beautiful wedding in the little mountain cottage. No one was present to wish the couple happiness save Mr. Travers, old Martha, and the minister. Wishing, however, was useless for anyone could tell that theirs was to be a life full of bright prospects and ripe opportunities. In each heart burned the flame of ambition, and Jean's beautiful face was lighted with the fire of love in her heart, and Lawrence's boyish face was bright with the happiness which shone from his blue eyes. So when they had solemnly plighted their faith they sealed the vow with a kiss full of the love made pure and noble by their life in the mountains.



A Page With the Pessimist

THE PESSIMIST

"Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs;
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got,
Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait:
Everything moves that goes
Nothing at all but common sense,
Can ever withstand these woes."

Anon.

SOME PESSIMISTIC REMARKS HEARD IN THE MARTIN'S NEST

"I am not long for this world."—WILLIE FERGUSON.

"They've just got it in for me anyway!"—FRANCIS HAMPTON.

"If I live through to-morrow, I will be doing well."—NELL

BIRDSONG.

"If I don't hear from Mama (?) I'll die."—MCCARLEY.

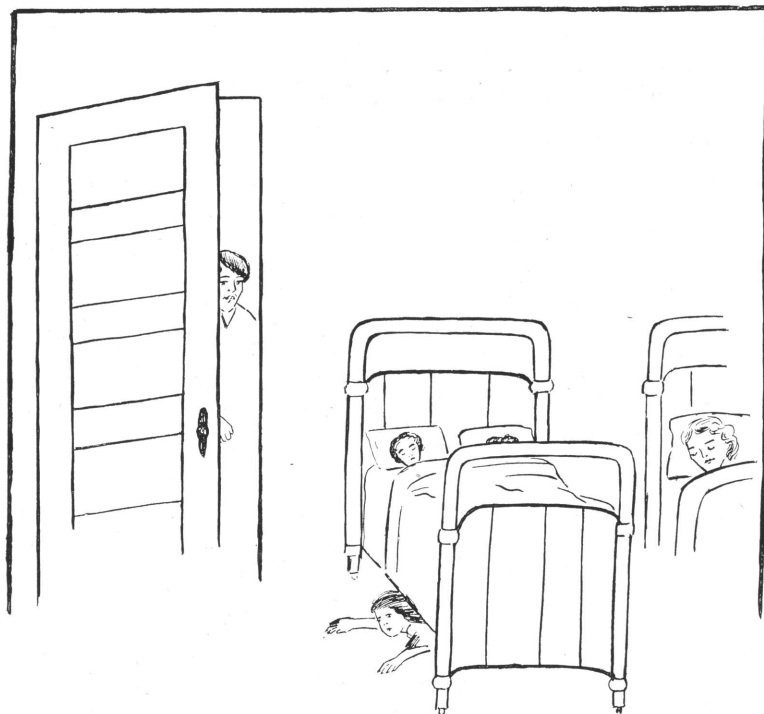
"This world and then fireworks."—EMMA FAIRES.

"I am so mad I could die."—SARA REED.

"Well, what will happen next!"—MARY ROGERS.

(For the Optimistic Views, see the 1916-17 Martin Box)

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



CURRENT EVENTS



— F. Smiley —
1/6

Troubles In the Martin Nest

(With Apologies to Kipling.)

"What are the bells a-ringing for?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.
"To try them out, to try them out," the high-headed Hostess said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.
"I'm dreading what we've got to do," the high-headed Hostess said.
"For they're questioning Nellie Holt. Can't you hear Elizabeth Yancey pray?
They've taken away their privileges and are going to have THEIR way,
And they've quizzed Lucile Davis and Braly all this morning."

"What makes those new girls breathe so hard?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.
"They're awful scared, they're awful scared," the high-headed Hostess said.
"What makes Mary Neal Donoho stare around?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.
"A letter or two, a letter or two," the high-headed Hostess said.
"They are trying Ellen Smithson, they're inquiring all around,
"They have halted Kathleen Tompkins and they're keeping them on the grounds,
And we will know in half a minute, for its messages they've found.
Oh! they're 'campusing' girls a-plenty this cold morning."

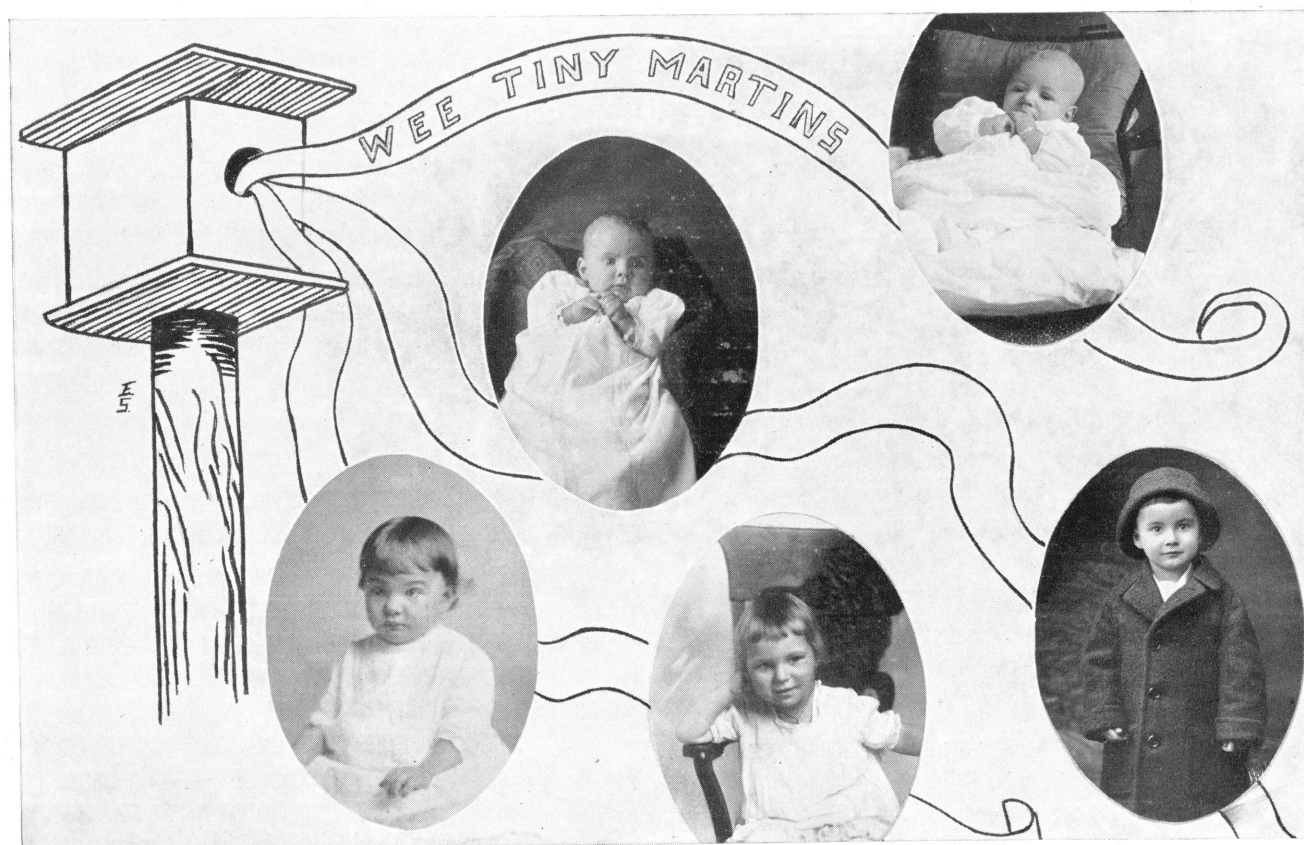
"Where are Essie Graves and Minnie Shipp?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.
"They're sick at heart, just sick at heart," the high-headed Hostess said.
"Beatrice Roberts, Marguerite Davis, here?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.

"They're shedding tears, they are sorrow *full*," the high-headed Hostess said.
"For they are done with carrying messages; they have promised that to-day.
Yes, and Lucile Jarratt, Mary Rogers and Maurine Murr-a-y.
They're all sad and solemn looking, and they'll have a chill, I dare say,
After hearing all Prof. had to say this cold morning."

"I want Mattie Carter and Rebecca Parker," said the Teacher-on-Parade.
"They were spending the night, they were spending the night," the high-headed Hostess said.
"What? Where? Where? Where?" said the Teacher-on-Parade.
"With Sadie Stenbeck and Katharine Wade," the high-headed Hostess said.
"There were two little beds, just two wee little beds,
But they found Parker under one, all except her little (?) head.
They'll be giving them demerits, and there will be a-plenty said
To the "visiting girls" of Martin, too, this morning."

"Look at those white, white handkerchiefs!" said the Teacher-on-Parade.
"There's mischief up, there's mischief up," the high-headed Hostess said.
"For they're Irene Vaughn and Gladys Smith, I saw them there today;
They're waving at those Massey boys who pass sixty times a day.
Now, those poor little girls must pay for that, pay for that,
And be talked too by Prof., too, this morning."

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



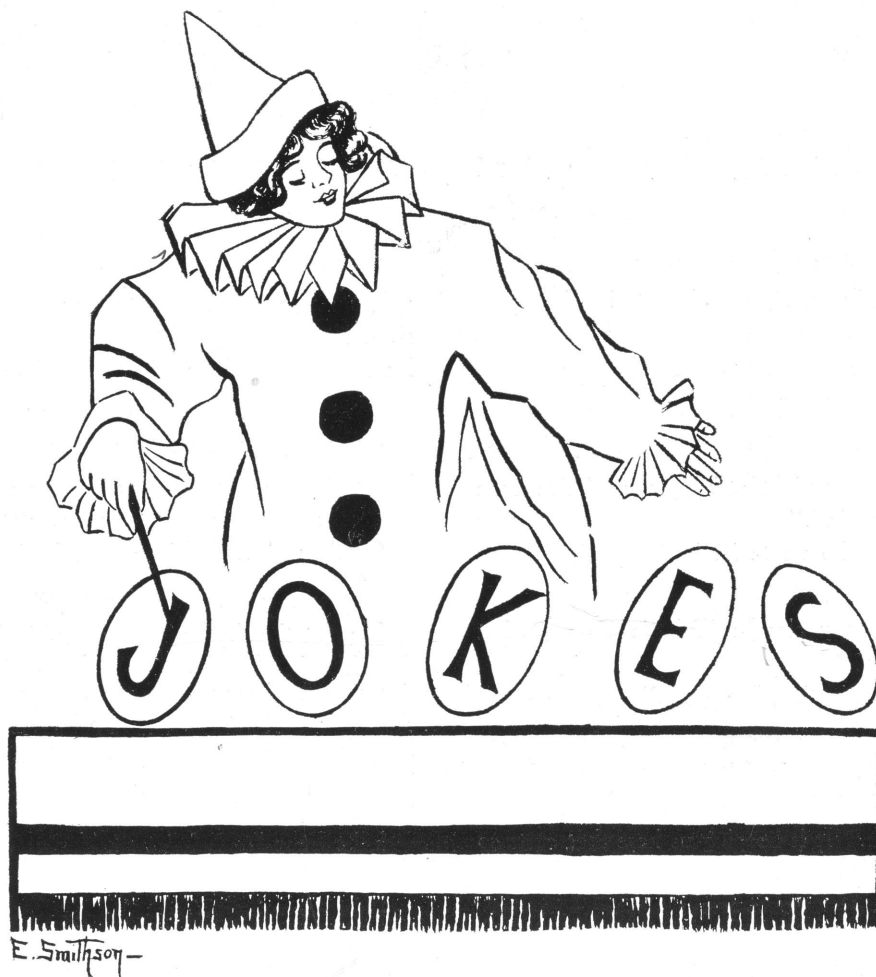
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 (SON OF JAS. L. AND MYRTLE
 BOULDIN CHURCH)

KENNETH WELCH, JR.
 (SON OF KENNETH AND ADE-
 LAIDE SEVIER WELCH)

MARGARET APPLETON
 (DAUGHTER OF T. C. AND ORLEN
 COBBS APPLETON)

MARY MILDRED WYNN
 (DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT AND
 MRS. WYNN)

CHAS. RICHARDSON, JR.
 (SON OF CHAS. AND RUTH
 WORLEY RICHARDSON)



The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

Jokes

Gladys Smith: "I am just crazy about Italians, but I do hate dagoes."

* * *

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If hash don't kill us, little fishes must!

* * *

Miss Poer: "Mary Louise, what is a human?"

Mary Louise: "Just what I am."

* * *

Ola Anderson (Sunday night at supper): "I've been reading Genesis all afternoon."

Bonnie Simpson "Who wrote it?"

* * *

Miss Drane (in Biology class): "Mattie Carter, what is the symmetry of man?"

Mattie Carter: "Civilization, I suppose."

* * *

Adelaide: "Oh, Emma, doesn't it cost your father a lot to send you and Mattie both to school?"

Emma: "Not much. It is keeping us here that costs so much."

* * *

Miss Drane: "Margaret Alexander, tell me what kind of climate they have in the Mediterranean region?"

Margaret: "Why, they have clear clouds and fur bearing trees."

* * *

In Senior English one day the girl's were told to get Arnold's Poems and bring to class next time. In the afternoon Tom Sutton went to the office and said: "Mr. Wynn, I want a copy of Benedict Arnold's poems."

* * *

Gladys Smith and Kathryn Brazelton went in Loyd's Drug Store and called for a banana split.

Clerk: "I am sorry, but we do not have any ice cream."

Gladys: "Well, give us a 'Martin Special,' please."

* * *

He (at the Junior-Senior reception): "May I tell you the old, old story?"

The Martin girl looked down, blushed, and nodded her assent. So he told her (for the twenty-seventh time) "how he once won the game for Massey."

* * *

Miss Poer (to Edwina Gaines): "Where are the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers?"

Edwina: "In Egypt."

Miss Poer: "W-h-e-r-e?"

Edwina: "Oh! I mean in the Bible."

The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

Mary Rogers: "Miss Bagby, I expect to go down to Athens to-morrow night."

Miss B.: "Well, what for?"

Mary: "'Everywoman' is to be there."

Miss B.: "Some mistake about that, I guess, for here's one that won't be there."

* * *

Pearl had been to town and bought a waist for two dollars and ninety-nine cents. On returning to the college

she discovered that the clerk had given her back two pennies instead of one.

Pearl (troubled): "Oh, Myrtle, do you suppose that I am guilty of theft?"

Myrtle: "Oh, no, of course not, for you can prove you are 'in a cent.'"

* * *

Mattie Carter: "Emma, your dresses seem rather flimsy here of late."

Emma Faires: "Yes. The doctor says I must avoid anything with starch in it if I want to reduce my flesh."



The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

Locals

The Fair for the benefit of the Library was a great success.

* * *

The Y. W. C. A. sale this year was the most successful we have ever had.

* * *

On Friday evening January 21, 1916, the Massey boys entertained the Martin girls with a reception.

* * *

The Alumnæ Association entertained the Faculty and the Senior Class with a tea, given in honor of Mrs. Spofford.

* * *

The Massey boys entertained the Martin College girls and a few guests out in town with a reception on the evening of October 30, 1915.

* * *

A delightful day in the woods was enjoyed by all of the

students during the fall term. Through the kindness of Mr. Scales, we gathered nuts and forgot our lessons for one day.

* * *

School opened on September 15, 1915, with even greater prospects than we had anticipated. All of the girls were entertained on the evening of our arrival September 14, 1915, by the Y. W. C. A. This was a delightful way in which to become acquainted with one another.

* * *

Of course, we reminded Mr. Wynn and the faculty of their promise of a two days vacation Thanksgiving, made last year, and of course we got the two days. Several of the girls spent the time at home, but those who remained at the college were given a real Thanksgiving dinner; then we enjoyed the Massey-Branham and Hughes game in the afternoon, for as usual Massey won. Then in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Wynn and the faculty gave a reception in the parlors of Martin Hall for the girls and the Massey boys.

Limericks

We have a young lady named Parker,
Who is somewhat a peach of a larker.
She can get under a bed
With all but her head,
This wonderful young lady named Parker.

There was a young lady named Peeler,
Who took her heart to a magical healer.
She came back from her trip,
With her heart in the grip
Of this wonderful magical healer.

There was a young lady named Jean,
Whose style was not strictly called lean,
Still she ate all the day,
In a ravenous way,
Till she looked like a real jelly bean.

There was a degnified young Junior named Cat,
Who out on the log calmly sat,
Until along came a lad
Whose heart was her fad.
She then lost all her calmness, Miss Cat.

There was a young lady from Kalamazoo,
Whose manners and thoughts were as pure as the dew.
Her fame stretched so far,
That our success she did mar,
Because Prof. made of her "Much Ado."

Miss Marguerite Davis, don't 'cher know?
Once in a window sat, don't 'cher know?
Then looked down on the ground,
And a man there was found.
She called him "my Cousin" Pat,
And talked to him after that—
This little Miss Davis, don't 'cher know?
Don't 'cher know?

The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

Do You Know That On Our Faculty—

As President we have a man called Wynn,
Whose style of build is very thin.
From Georgia he comes,
And he makes things hum,
This wonderful President Wynn.

From Georgia comes Miss Aileen Poer,
Bringing with her histories galore.
Each lass resents her current events,
For they are a terrible bore.

From Kentucky comes Miss Hazel Tanner,
Bringing with her a suffragette banner,
Teaching us of expression
Without a digression,
This wonderful teacher named Tanner.

Miss Bagby is the teacher of Latin,
But on her diet we'll never fatten,
She'll give us a quiz
That'll make us all fiz,
This marvelous teacher of Latin.

The math teacher's name is Sherrer,
I tell you she's a terror,
And girls in her classes
Work hard for their passes,
And wish they'd never been near'er.

College Yells

COLLEGE YELLS

Razzle, dazzle, hobble, gobble,
Siz, Boom, Bah!
Martin! Martin!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Martin! Martin!

Hippity Hus! Hippity Hus!
What in the world is the matter with us?
Nothing at all! Nothing at all!
We are the Martin girls,
That's all.

College Song

Let us greet our dear old College
With a hearty cheer,
For our hearts are ever loyal
To Alma Mater, dear.

We're the students of old Martin,
A College old and dear:
With our faces all set onward,
Voices ringing clear.

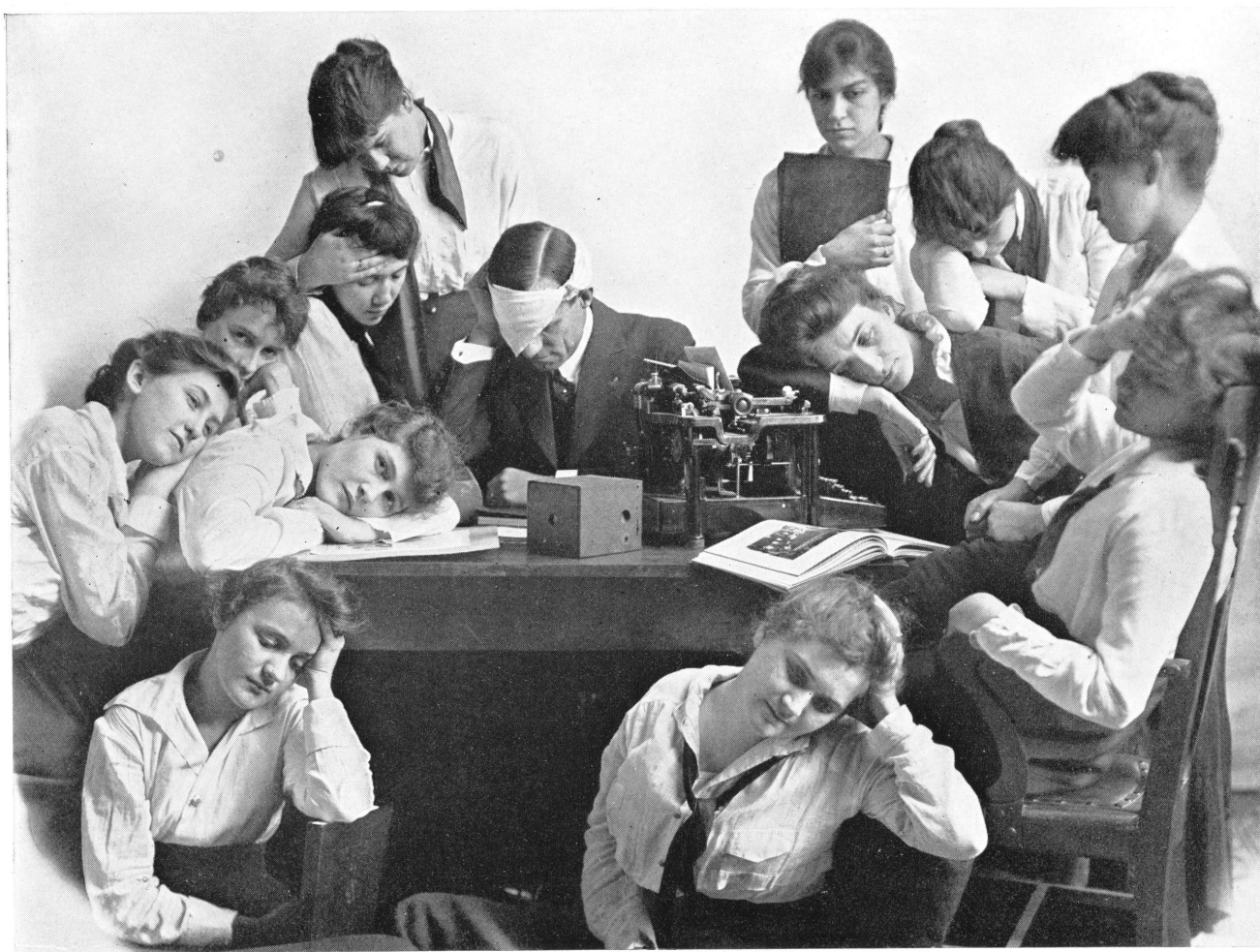
Broad the fields about her lying
Soft and blue the sky:
Sing, Ah! sing aloud her praises,
Raise the flag on high.

CHORUS

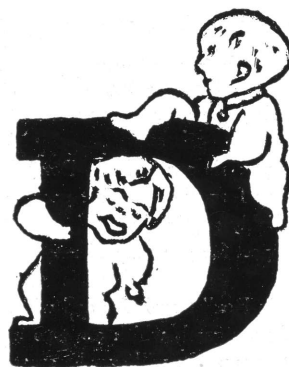
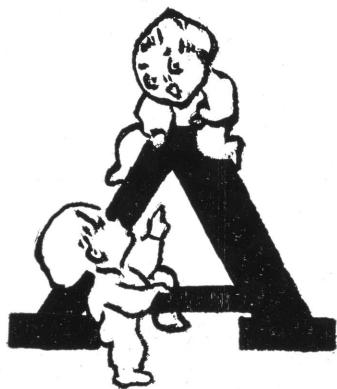
For our bond can ne'er be broken,
Sealed by friendship's tie:
Our true hearts will ever cherish
Memories gone by.

(Arranged by Edith Ponder, Tracy City, Tennessee.)

The Martin Box
Nineteen Hundred Sixteen



THE GRAND FINALE



The Martin Box

Nineteen Hundred Sixteen

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Of all our friends the ones dearest in our eyes
Are those who with us so generously advertise,
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And from singing your praises we'll never pause.

You've made possible our "Martin Box" dear,
And aided us from the very first year.
Your help is highly appreciated,
And our respect for you can't be rated.

As our "Martin Box" travels far and wide,
It'll tell of your goods which are true and tried,
And we trust your profits will ever be great,
Because of what our Annual will state.

Lynette Jones, '16.

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ENROLLMENT DOUBLED IN LAST EIGHT YEARS

Statement of
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Jan. 4, 1916

RESOURCES

LOANS AND DISCOUNTS.....	\$404,706.28
FURNITURE AND FIXTURES.....	4,978.35
CASH	136,549.93
	<hr/>
	\$546,234.56

LIABILITIES

CAPITAL STOCK.....	\$ 60,000.00
SURPLUS AND PROFITS.....	71,399.59
DEPOSITS	398,866.41
BILLS PAYABLE.....	15,000.00
CASHIER'S CHECKS.....	768.66
CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSITS.....	200.00
	<hr/>
	\$546,234.56

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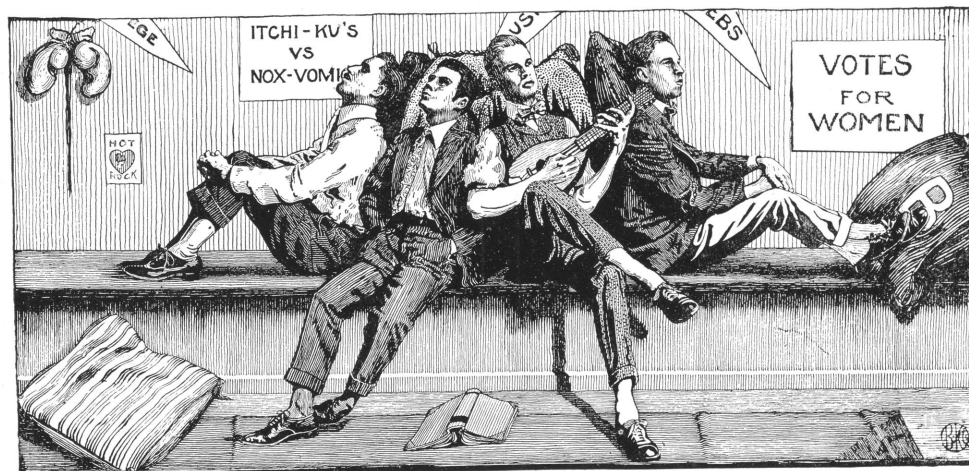
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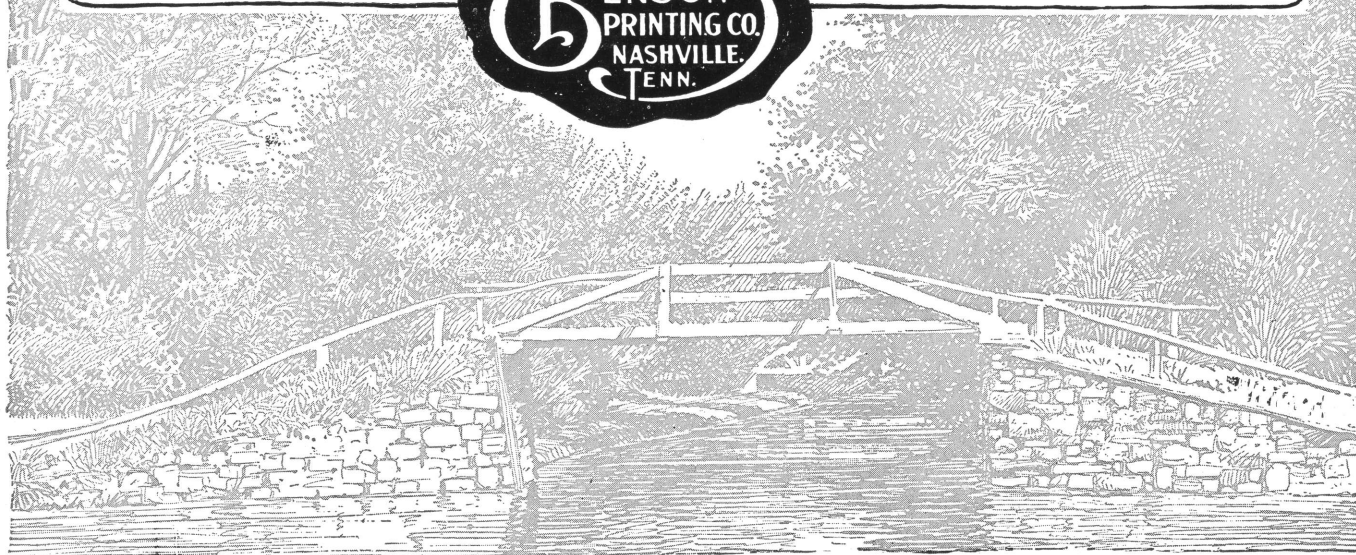
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